

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

## RUSSIA AND THE RUSSIANS.

*La Russie et les Russes.* Par N. TOURGUENEFF. (*Russia and the Russians.* By N. TOURGUENEFF.)

The Russian empire, the extent of whose territory and material force is so enormous, is in all that belongs to its internal and social relations still so entirely removed from our habits of thought and action, that it is very difficult for us to form a clear and adequate conception of its condition. And therefore it is a matter of much importance, when Russians, who have made themselves at home in the remainder of Europe, who are intimately acquainted as well with Russia as with the south and west of the continent, come forward, and lay before us the true condition of Russia, and all the secret springs of Russian life. But Tourgueneff's work is of far greater value than many other communications which have lately reached us from Russians, inasmuch as they have mostly emanated from Russian noblemen, who judge of things from a high, aristocratical point of view, while Tourgueneff is sprung from the people, and knows their condition and their wants from his own experience and contemplation. Born a serf, but raised through study and good fortune into the service of the state, yet never alienated from those with whom he was united by the ties of a common rank and common sufferings, always, even in the saloons of the aristocracy and in the offices of the government, thinking of them and of their misery, he is well acquainted with the whole of Russian life, and does not see only one half of it, like the gentlemen of the aristocracy. Banished however from Russia on account of the revolt and conspiracy of 1825, he is equally well acquainted with the remainder of Europe, yet cannot forget Russia, to which, on the contrary, he is attached with his whole heart. Such a man is qualified to give us a very different and a far more valuable report on Russia than a hasty tourist.

The author imparts but few details respecting his own life. We do not learn how, born a serf, he was enabled during the time of Napoleon's empire to free himself from the fetters in which he was born, and to visit the universities of Germany and France, nor how after the termination of the war he managed to enter into the service of the state and to become an influential subaltern officer in the ministerial department.

The first volume of the work relates the

personal experiences of the author, which do not however explain the circumstances just referred to; the second describes the moral, social, and political condition of Russia; and the third contains proposals for the future government of the empire, and the reform of its institutions. But in fact the book commences not with personal, but with matters of very general interest. A glance is first of all directed to the French war. The burning of Moscow took place without the knowledge and wish of the Emperor; the government had not the least share in this great deed. It was the work of the local authorities, of the nation, and in spite of his assertion to the contrary, of Rostopchin. The war produced the first movement in behalf of liberty among the peasants. If the government had then proceeded violently against them, a terrible and unquenchable conflagration might easily have been kindled. The peasants were cautiously and slowly led back to their old chains. As soon as the author for the first time speaks of the peasants of Russia, it is easy to see what idea is uppermost in his mind. The serfs must be emancipated, and must become men. Humanity, no less than the advantage of the whole community, demands this. Every step which Russia takes in the road to civilization must be taken in vain, if it is not connected with a complete emancipation of the serfs. The enslaved peasants of Russia are far less corrupted than is generally supposed, and than the high aristocracy represent them to be. They are on the whole well deserving of freedom.

We must omit all that relates to the events of those times, and confine ourselves to that part of the work which refers solely to Russia. The author, who had been employed during the war as commissary, returned home in the year 1816, and found that the minds of men were evidently unsettled; liberal ideas had forced their way into Russia and were spreading far and wide. Although they had no sound and regular organ through which they could find utterance, they were everywhere perceptible. Notwithstanding the constant supervision of the government, the press went so far as to discuss questions which had hitherto been entirely untouched. Even the emperor had become liberal; his constitution for Poland is well known, as also that he projected one for Russia; but the liberalism of the government was but of short duration. Mr. Tourgueneff, who had in the mean-

while acquired some celebrity by a work entitled "*Théorie des impôts*," was induced by Prince Trubetzky to join the "Society for the public good," and we find an interesting description of the proceedings of this society to which, as is well known, the insurrection of 1825 is in a great measure attributed. The author maintains that the society cannot strictly speaking be called a secret one; that in Russia, where the press says only what the government chooses that it shall say, when even in general society every expression must be carefully weighed, any thing must necessarily be secret which is not to be transacted in the open market; but that the society had no occasion for any particular secrecy, either on account of its tendency or for any other reason. Its sphere of action is described as very unimportant, the number of its members as inconsiderable, its spirit as aristocratic, its aim political emancipation. The author was the only member of the society who spoke of a social emancipation, that is to say, of the abolition of serfdom, and he found but few to side with him. The society, which from its commencement had been a failure, was dissolved soon after he joined it. But unimportant and ineffective as it was, the government afterwards made a great outcry about secret societies.

The author then narrates the events of his life as secretary in the ministry; in this part of the work there is much to interest the reader and much that shows how intrigue, and calumny, and hatred are the true rulers of Russia. The author had obtained leave of absence and was on a journey, when the insurrection of 1825 broke out; and not because he had taken part in it, or even remotely aided in bringing it about, but simply because he had incurred the hatred of a few gentlemen of the upper aristocracy, he is implicated in the affair, and a demand is made to the British government that he may be given up,—a demand which is of course refused. A large part of the first volume is occupied with the proofs of his innocence, with the proofs in fact that the secret societies had no share in the insurrection of 1825.

The second volume contains the most important part of the work. The author here gives an account of the different classes, and the ranks of the nobility. One would almost think that in this respect Russia is desirous of emulating China; where so much stress is laid upon trifles, it is impossible that men should attend to serious and weighty matters. The Russians deprive themselves of the services of a great number of talented men because no one can hold an office unless he has a corresponding rank. And the distinction between nobility and commoners is daily becoming more marked, and is far more

insisted upon than formerly. The clergy and the church offer another obstacle to active progress, which is persisted in without any cause or necessity, although its injurious effects are plainly discernible. The church, namely, still speaks the Slavonic dialect, which has its only literature in a few old chronicles and the church books, and which the people do not understand. The use of this language is rigidly adhered to, and thus the possibility of influencing the people through the church is lost.

The commoners, according to the Russian laws, consist of two classes, of merchants, and of citizens, properly so called (*Mestchané*). The merchants again are divided into three guilds; the classification is based upon the amount of property. The government takes no care to ascertain whether the returns made for this purpose are correct or not, but is satisfied if the taxes are paid correctly according to the returns. All merchants enjoy personal privileges, the most important of which is that their sons are exempted from the military conscription. Members of the first class frequently obtain honorary titles, and their sons enter the service of the state, and gradually become merged in the nobility. A Russian merchant who has become wealthy, and retires from business, generally keeps aloof from his former associates; hence it comes that this class does not enjoy the consideration which it ought to have, and that industry and commerce cannot flourish. Large capitals are constantly being acquired in trade, but, instead of being again employed with the same object, they are invariably withdrawn from business.

After briefly dwelling upon the *Mestchané*, who, like the peasants, are subject to conscription, the author proceeds to describe the inhabitants of the open country. And first we find in Russia a kind of free peasants, (called *Odnodvortzi*,) who may amount to about 1,400,000 souls. They are land-owners, and many of them are well off, and even possess serfs. They are subject to moderate taxes, and if they were not a prey to the extortions of the government officers, and of their powerful neighbours, their condition would be a very favorable one. There is another exempted class, namely, the Cossacks, whose condition is, on the whole, bearable, which applies especially to the Cossacks of the Don. Under the Emperor Alexander, however, a new step was taken towards introducing among them also the Russian want of freedom. The same titles and privileges were accorded to the different ranks in the Cossack regiments, which are enjoyed by the same ranks in the Russian army; in other words, nobility was introduced among the Cossacks, and their old liberty and equality



will gradually disappear. On the other hand, Alexander began the formation of a third exempted class; for the emperor entertained the project of gradually accomplishing the emancipation of the peasants. It was ordered, or rather permitted, that serfs might buy their freedom, but with the condition that they should at the same time be able to purchase a certain quantity of land from their masters. But it may be imagined that very few peasants can acquire sufficient to satisfy two such demands at the same time.

After these come the crown peasants, who hover, as one may say, in an uncertain position between freedom and slavery. The crown peasants enjoy freedom, but it is such freedom as is to be found in Russia. The emperor can give away these peasants, and it has often happened that emperors have given numbers of them as a reward for services. Since the time of Alexander, however, such an occurrence has not taken place. On the other hand, Alexander treated his peasants, even in the military colonies, as serfs; a large number of crown peasants were employed in the imperial manufactories, and for other purposes. Husband and wife are separated without pity, and nothing is considered but the interests of the treasury.

Hence the author proceeds to the real serfs, among whom he does not reckon the crown-peasants, and he first gives a brief history of the origin of serfdom in Russia. The masters of the peasants have two different methods of employing their landed property. Many of them give up the cultivation and use of it entirely to their serfs, in return for which they receive a certain annual payment in money, which is called "obrok." Rent, as such, is unknown in Russia. Those masters who receive "obrok," generally live at a distance from their possessions, and sometimes do not even see them in their whole lives. These serfs are the more fortunate; in many districts, where the payment is moderate, the obrok-peasants and their wives may be seen dressed in velvet and silk. In some cases, single members of the family remain to manage the farm, while the others live in the towns, and with industry and skill acquire considerable wealth. By these means a single family has been able to pay 800,000 rubles for their liberty. The obrok-peasants constitute about one half of the whole number of serfs.

Far less fortunate, on the other hand, are the serfs of those masters who manage their property differently, and instead of a fixed payment of money, demand contributions in kind, and personal services. This class of peasants have always been subject to much more arbitrary treatment, and are not unfrequently the victims

of gross ill-usage. In White Russia it is very common for masters to let out their peasants by hundreds or even by thousands, to speculators, for some specified undertaking, and in such cases, if they are in the power of grasping selfishness, their lot becomes truly terrible. But if possible, yet more wretched is the fate of the "Kholpi;" that is, of the serfs who are attached to the person of their master, and, as it were, house slaves.

After entering into details on all these subjects, the author institutes reflections upon the working of the system of serfdom, and he has no difficulty in proving that, so long as it continues to exist, there is no possibility of a moral reformation in Russia. The various attempts which have been made in more recent times to further the emancipation of the peasants, are next described. It appears that the Emperor Alexander contemplated it, but had not sufficiently digested his plans. Now it is considered almost revolutionary even to speak of it. Count Woronzoff and Prince Menzikoff have had experience of this fact; they had projected a plan for the emancipation of the peasants, but were cried down as liberals and revolutionists, and were obliged to let the matter drop, and be glad to get safely out of the scrape.

In the second part of the second volume, Mr. Tourgueneff explains the internal organization of the Russian empire, and enters into minute particulars respecting the various offices, the method of legislation, and other such topics. His observations upon the army are of more general interest. The long period of service to which the soldiers are condemned, withdraws from the country the most vigorous of the male population, and as marriage is impossible, prevents the increase of the population. In some districts it has already become almost impossible to levy the prescribed number of recruits. The treatment of the soldiers is moreover such that the mortality among them may be called truly frightful. The section which treats of the military colonies is very important. The author has a very unfavorable opinion of them, and describes those especially in which crown-peasants have been transformed into military colonists, as quite a curse to the country. The little remnant of freedom which the Russian of the lower classes enjoyed, has been suppressed, in order to make room for the terrible tyranny of military discipline.

The entire third volume contains the propositions of the author for transforming every thing in Russia, thus entering upon a field in which we are unable to follow him. We cannot, however, suppress one modest doubt. Would all the free institutions which he recommends,

be adapted to Russia as soon as the emancipation of the peasants is accomplished? Would it not be necessary that another generation should arise, one which should receive a very different education, in order that it might be

able to comprehend the proposed arrangements, and to carry them out for their own good, and for that of the community at large? — *Repertorium der deutschen und ausländischen Literatur.*

## DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF THE PROVINCE OF BUNDELKUND.

India, considered as one magnificent whole, now fills a large place in the public mind, yet it is only when insurrections, sanguinary battles, or fierce intestine discords, imperatively demand our interference, that its several parts are subjected to a minute and detailed survey. Afghanistan, while our occupation of the province was debated — Gwalior, when it placed the peace of India in jeopardy — and Scinde, during that period in which the cause of its Ameers was espoused by so many Quixotic politicians — became each in its turn an object of all-absorbing interest; and now the Punjaub, from the long series of intrigues, murders, assassinations, and glorious victories, won by British valor, of which it has been the scene, challenges the attention not only of politicians but of all Christendom.

Bundelkund possesses at the present moment no such claims upon our notice. It has relapsed, after centuries of internal and external warfare, into a state of repose; but for that very reason we have seized upon this interval of tranquillity to take a calm survey of its aspect and condition. For, from the recent events in the East, we are convinced that the necessity exists of drawing more immediately within the sphere of the general reader's observation, not only those provinces which, having lately been the scene of turbulence and anarchy, are, by this means, as it were, forced upon our notice, but those also lying farther removed from the beaten track, but which may, and that at no distant day, perhaps, become themselves objects of interest, by being converted into the field of important industrial operations.

From the moment when Colonel Goddard, with his army, marched through Bundelkund to effect a diversion in favor of the government of Bombay, then engaged in war with the Peshwā, this province has, in some way or another, proved a constant source of uneasiness to our British rulers. It has been found necessary to put down rebellion after rebellion, to crush outbreak after outbreak, to depose first one rajah and then another, while each succeeding year has ushered in, with its advent, fresh anarchy, and renewed scenes of lawless disturbances.

The cession of Bundelkund by the Peshwā did not at once suffice to restore tranquillity. Nor can we feel much surprise at the difficulty experienced by a state so long the hotbed of intrigue, and which has passed through so lengthened an ordeal of misrule, in accommodating itself to so entirely a new order of things. Peace could only be established when the tribes, weary of warfare, determined to apply themselves to the pursuits of agriculture, and guide the plough over the fertile valley, instead of wielding the sword in defence of predatory chiefs or turbulent rajahs.

Our intention is not just now to dwell upon the events of Bundela history. Suffering our eyes, however, to revert for a moment to the past, and setting aside the fables which are entangled in the early history of Bundelkund, we discover the same string of revolts, dethronements, assassinations, insurrections, rebellions, family contentions, intestine discords, and petty intrigues, which more or less mark the annals of all eastern provinces. Rajah after rajah ascended the musnud, and each in his turn was removed by the poniard of the assassin, or the poisoned chalice of a rival, or fell in battle against the ruler of some neighbouring district. The forts scattered over the face of the province are themselves chroniclers, which, with their origin buried in profound antiquity, testify at once to the early date of the battles fought, and the continual apprehension in which princes must have existed, who required strongholds so stupendous to protect them from the incursions of the enemy.

British rule has at length established peace, by dividing the province into small principalities or jaghirs, under so many petty rajahs.

Inquiry into Bundela history was first prompted by the remains of the forts of Calinghur and Ujee Ghur, which were supposed to contain antiquities belonging to a very remote period. The most diligent account entered upon with enthusiasm for some time, appeared destined to be attended with little or no success, yielding, as it did, information of a vague and doubtful character, which seemed rather to excite than allay curiosity. An ancient manuscript, termed



the Kshurl Purk-ash, at length came to light, which recorded at once the succession of the early rajahs, and the wars in which they were engaged, thus affording a brilliant opportunity for the bard Lal to expatiate in glowing terms on the intrepidity, and heroism, of the brave Bundelas, whose valor, however, has for ages been expended in the internal quarrels periodically arising among its various rulers, and the resistance of incursions made by marauders from the neighbouring districts, and to which the country has long been subject.

Bundelkund is an elevated table-land, lying between the 24th and 26th degrees of north latitude, extending over a space of eleven thousand square miles, bounded by the river Jumna to the north, by portions of the great Vindyan chain on the south and south-east, with Malwah to the west, and Allahabad to the east. It is watered by the Jumna, the Sone, the Betwah, the Tonse, and the Ken, which intersect the whole district in a northerly but meandering course. Four parallel ranges of the Vindyan hills, each successively supporting a table-land rising one above the other, and separated by narrow valleys and slips of cultivated country, sweep in an irregular course round Bundelkund proper, which forms the valley at their feet, and undergoing, as it proceeds, several changes of name, the grand chain being called the Tamean hills, from Talada, to Belehrea, while thence eastward it takes the appellation of Kinwarra.

The aspect presented by these mountains, viewed from the table-lands of Bundelkund, is bold and striking in the extreme, reminding us of a fine sea-coast landscape. The eye rests upon a succession of mural precipices, towering to the height of seven hundred feet above the valley, in so abrupt and perpendicular an ascent, that a man possessed of a steady eye, and boasting a tolerable amount of nerves, might stand on the summit and suspend a plummet in his hand that would reach the bottom uninterrupted in its course by any projecting cliff. Occasionally the rocks receding from the main line form in their course onward a rugged bay, others again suddenly stretch forth towards the table-lands, a point of rock which resembles a rude promontory. Here and there the continuity of the range is disturbed by the rending in twain of a giant crag almost from the summit to its roots, thus forming a huge chasm, apparently split by some sudden eruption of waters from the country lying beyond, which, having as suddenly subsided, left traces alone in the shape of yawning gulfs. The summit line of the mountains is, in general, neither very broken nor very irregular; occasionally gradual descents may be seen, but, for the most part, the hills abruptly termi-

nate in small level plains, fringed with overhanging black rocks, as though by some convulsion of nature the cones had been carried away.

The isolated mountains and solitary hills, which rear their heads at intervals in the midst of green cultivation, are extremely picturesque. They seem, indeed, to be entirely unconnected with any other mountains, but this appearance is deceptive, for they constitute, in fact, portions of ranges stretching out to the north, which alternately disappear and emerge again, sometimes in continuous chains, diverging from the apex of the bay, like the rays of a star, or, to use a more familiar expression, like the spokes of a wheel.

On two of the most stupendous mountains detached from the Vindyan range are erected the celebrated forts of Ujeeghur and Kalinghur.

In this province the variety of scenery is infinite. Casting a hurried glance around, as we pause in our descent down the hill on which Dhamonee with its fortress is erected, the eye wanders over scenes of extreme loveliness, unshaded by mist or floating vapors, but standing forth in that rich distinctness of outline so peculiar to Indian landscape. Our imagination is now awed by the majesty and grandeur developed on one side, and fascinated by the sylvan pictures unfolding themselves on another. To our right and to our left, immediately below, we gaze down into two deep glens, in which the murmuring sound of gushing waters makes a continual music, as it rolls on its sullen course to join the river on the plain. The cool freshness constantly maintained in these recesses, seldom, if ever, visited by the sun's rays, favors the growth of plants and vegetation which would not thrive in more exposed positions. A rich cultivation consequently extends over the strip of level country running on either side, down to the very verge of both branches of the Dussera river, which, after passing through the glens, again unite and pass onward through a deep chasm to water the plain of Bundelkund.

Everywhere evidences of the care bestowed upon the processes of agriculture, the attention given to cultivation, manifests itself. All up the slopes of the smiling valleys, formed by the undulating surface of the country, foliage of the richest and brightest hues may be seen. The lively green of the small coppice wood and stunted bushes melts away into the darker shades of the jungle, extending in patches over a great portion of the province. Every now and then a meandering rivulet sparkles as the sun shines upon it, and winds its glittering course, like a thread of gold, through valleys, and woods, and forests, at whose feet often stretches a broad clear sheet of water, partially covered with the

red lotus, and fringed at its edges with delicate shrubs, fragrant and beautiful beyond description. Mango groves cluster beyond, and from above their rich foliage peep forth mausoleums and temples, whose domes glitter in the sunbeams. The most valuable commodity of the province, its superb cotton, in full bloom, waves its white blossoms in the wind. At intervals, a stupendous mountain rises abruptly out of the cultivated land, and majestically towers aloft, cased in jungle, with its heights crowned by a fringe of brambles and bushes, straggling over the black rock encircling its rugged head.

These solitary hills are thickly strewn over the portion of Bundelkund contiguous to the Vindyan range; some lying to the left, others to the right; some scattered apart; others, again, standing close to each other, thus forming narrow rounding defiles, and now offering to view a chasm, through which we obtain glimpses of more tranquil scenery beyond; green plains, rich slopes, cotton plantations, wheat and barley fields, lakes and rivers—on whose banks are strewed towns, filled by a bold and daring race of men, and villages, in which the several processes of industry are carried on. Permitting our thoughts to wander further, and allowing our imagination to penetrate into these hamlets, we behold, as sunset melts over the landscape, the children at play beneath the trees, on whose boughs the beautiful baya bird, with its rich plumage, nestles unmolested within the reach of the hands of these youthful Bundelas. We hear, in the hush of twilight, the sweet tones of the guitar,\* blended with a rich mellow voice, above which occasionally rises the roar of the tiger in some neighbouring jungle, the scream of the monkey, the thrilling notes of the forest birds, or the ceaseless murmur of the distant waterfall.

This fertile province is irrigated by several large rivers, and innumerable rivulets, which, taking their rise on the hill sides, are met in their passage down by numberless smaller tributaries trickling over the rocks. Uniting together, these mountain torrents form a stream of moderate size, which, flowing out over the rich loamy soil, serves to increase its productiveness, and, it has been supposed by some, to render the labors of irrigation almost unnecessary. In some parts of the province, however, this method of fertilizing the earth is certainly carried on to some extent.

The Jumna takes its rise in the vast Himalayan range, and, running in a parallel line with the Ganges, skirts the northern side of Bundelkund. Many tributary streams swell its waters

as it rolls on; amongst others, the Chumbul, a river of some size. After a winding course of 780 miles, in a bed deeper and broader than that of the Ganges, the Jumna unites near the city of Allahabad with the holy stream, which henceforth absorbs its name.

The Sonar river intersects the whole province in a northerly direction, passing near the town of Banda, and finally projecting itself into the Ken. The source of the latter river is in a portion of the Vindyan range, near the village of Mohar, and about twenty-five miles from the Nerbudda. It meanders in a north-easterly course, passing through the Banda hills, and forming a cataract near Ripariya. Its course is then westerly, until, joined by the Pahil Bearma and Mirhassya rivers, the united streams are precipitated over a cataract near the village of Senghora. The Ken foams henceforward through a deep narrow channel, worn through the rocks, and, overhung by high banks, passes occasionally into two ravines. The red, honey color, and black jasper, with the agate, abound in its channels, and though somewhat inferior to those discovered in the Sone, are of considerable value. Its course, after passing through two mountain ranges, is northerly, and at length falls into the Jumna, after having flowed two hundred and thirty miles. It is too rocky to be navigable, but is well stocked with fish. Light boats, however, in the rainy season, have proceeded up as far as Banda.

Near the village of Dardurra the Tonse takes its rise, and being joined in its passage by innumerable rivulets, flows on through the district of Rewah, in reality a portion of Bundelkund. The falls formed by this river, though they have seldom been alluded to by the traveller, may be regarded as among the most magnificent objects to be witnessed in any part of the habitable globe, not even excepting the falls of Niagara, which have even been pronounced vastly inferior, both in grandeur of outline and actual height.

The existence of the Bundela falls, indeed, was only acknowledged after a considerable amount of amusing incredulity had been manifested upon the subject. Some years ago a traveller in the district, on his return to Calcutta, transmitted to certain journals a brief account of the cataract of the Tonse, to which insertion was given. And here the matter for the time dropped; but the editors of these papers subsequently reflecting, began to fancy that they must have been imposed upon by some clever disciple of the Baron Munchausen. They did not, could not calculate that it was possible for any but an American river to possess a fall; the hereditary tradition passing down from father to son, and

\* A favorite instrument among the Bundelas.



which fixed Niagara as the only natural exhibition of the kind worth visiting, was respected, and accordingly, when more full and satisfactory accounts were transmitted by subsequent travellers, no attention was paid to the communication.

In 1813, an army encamped in Rewan during the campaign, at no great distance from Sumarenli, the capital of the country, at that period ruled over by Jugat Mohun Singh. The officers as well as men were wholly unconscious of their near proximity to the falls, with whose existence, indeed, they were unacquainted, those of the Behar being ten miles distant from the Tonse falls, and eight from those of Chycheya.

As surely, however, as the wind blew in the direction of the camp, a strange and incomprehensible noise came borne upon the breeze, resembling the heavy, sullen roar of waters, or the muttered rumbling of thunder in the distance. During the rains, beautiful white hazy clouds, reflecting on their edge the golden beams of the rising sun, sometimes floated upwards, now wavering gently to and fro, now appearing stationary, or seeming to dissolve in the air around. The whole camp were struck with these singular appearances, and made them the subject of incessant conversation.

One morning, a small foraging party, under the command of an enterprising officer, set out for the purpose of reconnoitering along the banks of the Tonse river, in order to discover the cause of those appearances which had excited so much curiosity in the camp. As they advanced, the unceasing murmur swelled gradually upon the ear. Nearer and nearer came the music of the waterfall, as they kept their onward progress, until at length the sound so evidently betokened the fall of an immense body of water, that they felt convinced that they should soon discover cataracts in the river. Nor were they disappointed.

Emerging suddenly from the woody plain, the most magnificent view of one of Nature's handiworks displayed itself. Awed by the sublimity of the scene, the party paused to survey it in silent but wondering admiration. They had anticipated the sudden projection earthward of a vast stream, but did not expect to behold the broad expanse of foaming waters, stretching far to the left and right, seven hundred feet in breadth, which bounded with deafening roar perpendicularly down a height of four hundred feet, and plunged into a deep natural basin eight hundred feet in diameter. The river flows over a bed of rocks intersected by deep fissures, and in its onward course washes off the thin red soil which covers them. Suddenly arriving at an abrupt descent, the waters, swol-

len probably by the rains, project themselves in a vast column perpendicularly down, but some escaping from the grand mass, rolling between banks a hundred feet in height, force a way through the fissures, and gradually loosen on either side huge fragments of rock, which roll with more than avalanche grandeur down into the excavations it forms below, awaking echoes which startle the inhabitants of the country around, like loud roars of artillery. These granite masses violently falling one upon the other in their weighty descent, shiver and splint the rocks below, and now become wedged in between a divided crag. Great unwieldy points protrude here and there from the deep basin, and now a slender fragment rests in an inclined position against the huge sides. The waves, as they fall, leap, and sparkle, and dance like showers of crystal balls, dashing from every rock and crag down the edges of the vast column of waters, whose spray, dashing from the rocks, forms cloudlets tinged with every varied hue of the rainbow. This crystalline spray, it was now discovered, caused the vapors discerned by the camp, and so often admired by them.

The vista obtained of the country beyond is beautiful beyond description. These attractions are, however, scarcely noticed until the eye has ceased to be riveted upon the grander fascinations which majestically rear themselves before it. When the first enthusiastic burst of rapture is over, the gaze wanders to the softer beauties of the scene. The verdure of the grass is so bright, so brilliant, that when attempted to be portrayed on canvas the color appeared too fresh and green to be natural. Every plant around moulds itself into a nosegay of fragrant blossoms—no shrub without a perfume, no plant without a flower. The wild vine climbs and clings round the rocks, entwines itself into each fissure, and creeps up the craggy sides, laden with a profusion of rich black grapes. A small lily, like that of the valley, clusters, with its white flowers, at the foot; but amid all the blooming shrubs around, the *superba gloriosa* stands foremost in its loveliness. Passing on, the river falls into a bed from two to three hundred feet in depth, and about two hundred yards broad. The banks are too steep to permit of a descent close to its edge. Very great numbers of springs, tanks, and reservoirs, are scattered over the surface of the province, which proves the fallacy of the notion that irrigation is unnecessary. If the necessity for it had not existed, the tanks which we encounter at every turn would never have been constructed at so large an expense.

Of the towns scattered over Bundelkund, we shall merely notice the principal. Banda, the

capital, built by Rajah Goomah Singh, is famous as an extensive cotton mart, and remarkable for a curious well, stationed about a kos from the city, on the road to Pannah. It is thirty-seven feet in diameter and fifty-two deep. Two flights of stairs run from each side round the interior.

Kalpee, the ancient seat of government, is a large town, stationed on the left bank of the Jumna, and now chiefly remarkable as being the centre of the cotton trade. The plant flourishes luxuriantly round it. Khurroa, the coarse red cloth used for camp equipage, is manufactured in this place, and a kind of sugar-candy, equal to that of China.

Pannah stands in the midst of a rocky plain, enclosed by a ridge of hills, clothed to their summits in dense foliage, and sweeping round so as to form a sort of amphitheatre. The town is neat and novel in its appearance, most of the houses being constructed of gray stone, several dwellings of large size, with numerous temples, one of which is reported to contain the images of Kishnu and Vishnu, whose eyes are formed of diamonds of extraordinary size and immense value. Here, by the side of an extensive sheet of water, covered with blooming lotus, and filled with alligators and crocodiles, stand the ruins of the palace where dwelt Rajah Chutter Saul, the hero of Bundela history, and the fame of whose deeds rises above that of all his descendants and ancestors. Two small forts, linked together by a stone wall, protect it in the front and in the rear—the lake stretching before, renders approach in that direction almost impossible. Approaching Pannah from Banda, the way lies over a level, cultivated country, entirely free from rocks and hills.

When the traveller arrives near the renowned Diamond district, his attention is attracted by a number of pits, from three to twelve feet in depth, scattered over the face of the country. These are the celebrated diamond mines; but the whole of the gravelly plains, stretching around the town for several miles, is said to produce diamonds of four several descriptions—the *mohi chul*, of a clear brilliant whiteness, the *manih*, of a greenish hue, the *pannae*, tinged with orange, and the *bunspat*, of a blackish color. Others, again, resemble pearls. The mines are worked, for the most part, near the village of Lukareneti, about twelve miles from Pannah, and the diamonds are there found below a stratum of rock from fifteen to twenty feet in depth. To cut a way down is, for the natives, a labor of months and even of years. The following is the process:—

The soil having been cleared from a certain space of ground, the rock is cut with chisels, or broken by hammers, while a large fire, kindled

every night upon the spot, is supposed to render the stone more friable. The appearance is then singularly picturesque. The traveller, approaching Pannah, after darkness has fallen upon the surrounding landscape, may perceive from a distance, several of these large fires sending up pyramidal flames, and illumining with their vivid flashes the gloom around.

Six months are employed by the natives in the labor above described, and four more occupied by the miners in digging out the Khakroo or gravel in which the diamonds are found. The work is then deferred until the rainy season comes round, when abundance of water is furnished for the purpose of washing the gravel, which is thrown into shallow ponds filled for that purpose. When the sandy part disappears, the remaining pebbles are spread upon the ground, levelled and smoothed, and the diamond workers then proceed to separate the useless pebbles with their hands, eight or ten at a time, so that no diamond can escape their notice. Contrary to the generally received opinion, the laborers do distinguish the precious stones by their sparkling beneath the rays of the sun. Many days are frequently spent in useless search, but a comparatively small number serves amply to repay all the trouble taken to secure them. The precious gems never adhere to any other stone or pebble, and may be distinguished generally by their peculiar conformation. The workmen are paid in proportion to the value of the diamonds they discover.

It is supposed by some, that the mines about Pannah have ceased to be productive; but this is a complete fallacy. There is, indeed, a tradition that the precious stones are only to be found at the distance of ten kos round the town; but this fable was, doubtless, invented by the Rajahs, for the purpose of deterring speculators from opening new mines, and deteriorating the value of the article by overloading the market. We, ourselves, entertain no doubt whatever of the existence of an inexhaustible strata of diamonds, which only require to be worked to yield an inconceivable amount of wealth to the Government, since the process of production is everlastingly going on. It is certain that some mines do exist which have not been worked at all. Captain Pogson, during his residence in the country, opened a mine about three miles from Kalinghur, and penetrated so far as to discover "the brother of the diamond," as it is styled by the natives, viz., the small angular stones of a greenish hue, like grains. These are always considered as certain forerunners of the diamonds themselves. Animated by this assurance, Captain Pogson resumed his work with vigor, but on digging below the level of



the rivulet, and removing some large stones, a spring burst upon the disappointed laborers, and filled the mine with water. The Pindaree war breaking out at the time, the Captain joined his army, and circumstances prevented him from ever again resuming the undertaking.

On the flooding of the Bhagur Nudee, diamonds are frequently discovered. These mines are situated on the banks of the stream, a short distance within the hills, which rise abruptly, on either side, clad with verdure of every hue, to their summits, while the rippling stream, flowing over an uneven bed, and falling at intervals over descents of two or three feet, forms gentle cascades, which add greatly to the picturesque nature of the scenery around.

Scattered through the hills are found blocks of rock with veins of crystallizations as brilliant, frequently, as the diamonds themselves. Some again are occasionally discovered, containing various kinds of sparkling particles, and others with pink, green, and purple veins. Discoveries of whole hills of marble are constantly taking place, and porphyry is also occasionally found. The Ken mines, flowing on in its northerly course, form a line of separation between the diamond and iron mines. The latter are supposed to be inexhaustible, and would of themselves serve to render the province a highly valuable possession.

Kitteans is about a mile and a half in length, and the same in breadth. It stands by the side of a lake, and is surrounded by a stone wall, furnished with gates. From a hill near the town we obtain an extensive view of the country round. The inhabitants are robust and warlike.

Tehrea, a less populous town than the preceding, is situated upon the western boundaries of Bundelkund, about fifty-one miles from Chatterpoor.

The forts scattered over the province of Bundelkund, constitute some of its most attractive features. They are built on portions chosen with that singular tact which seems to guide the nations of the East in the selection of their places of defence. The most remarkable are the two to which we have before alluded, and of which we here now give a brief description.

Ujee Ghur stands about a thousand paces from the ridge sweeping round Bundelkund, on an elevated hill, on which formerly stood three Hindoo temples, built of stones laid without cement, but fitted with the greatest precision, one within the other, and adorned on both sides with sculptures of the most chaste design and exquisite workmanship, and covered besides with inscriptions in unknown languages and characters. The erection of these buildings can be

fixed to no precise date. Antiquity, the most profound, enshrouds their origin. It is, however, related, that an ancient Rajah, named Ujee Gopaul, caused a fortress to be built round these splendid mines, and bestowed his name upon it, so that ever after the place was called Ujee Ghur, or the fort of Ujee. It once resisted stoutly a ten months' siege, and was at last only reduced by famine, but in the year 1800 Ujee Baoador obtained possession. Subsequently the British ordered it to be evacuated, and despatched a force under Colonels Meisselback and Zugum Shah to take possession, which journeyed on without interruption until arrived near the hill of Deogaru, five miles from the fort. Here they were suddenly surprised by the enemy under the command of Luckman Doreeh, who, with part of his followers, was secretly posted in one of the deep ravines that yawn round the fort, while others were distributed through the dark forests spreading far on either side. A skirmish ensued, during which some of our guns fell into the hands of the enemy. Confusion among the camp followers ensued, the baggage was thrown down, and Colonel Meisselback, in desperation, charged in the rear, rushed on the enemy with fixed bayonets, completely routed them, and the reward of his exertions was the recapturing of the guns without the loss of a man. The army thus advanced and encamped close to Ujee Ghur, which the guildar agreed to evacuate upon the receipt of twelve thousand rupees. The money was accordingly sent up under the charge of two brigadiers, and Colonel Meisselback was immediately, nominally, put in possession of the fort. Luckman Doreeh, however, determined not to take his defeat so easily; as soon as night came on, a vakeel was secretly despatched to the guildar, tempting him with the promise of a sum of eighteen thousand rupees if he would allow him to occupy the fort instead of the British. These terms were not of a nature for the cupidity of the man to withstand; he not only gave the desired permission, but even assisted Luckman in escalating the ramparts. Two companies were ordered to return the money to Colonel Meisselback, and to convey at the same hour the intelligence, that if he did not immediately effect a retreat, the fort would fire upon him. Colonel Meisselback consequently, perceiving the impossibility, in his present position, of securing Ujee Ghur, struck his camp and retired five kos distance.

Another attack, presenting many similar features to the above, was subsequently made upon Ujee Ghur, and though the result was very different, it was one only arrived at by the loss of many brave officers and men. About ten miles from the fort stands Rajolia, a fortified hill, the

ascent to which is by steep and narrow paths, overhung by projecting rocks, which afforded shelter from the enemy's fire, who fired upon the British troops as they passed under cover of the jungle, and committed considerable ravages. Driven from their position, however, the enemy retreated to the summit of the hill, where they hastily constructed parapet walls, behind which they made a resolute stand. As no ladders could be procured to scale the walls, the assailants were recalled, and preparations made for renewing the attack on the morning, but the enemy gave them no further trouble, evacuating the post during the night, and the next day Ujee Ghur surrendered voluntarily to the British.

One young officer, whose name has now unfortunately escaped our recollection, brought himself prominently forward on this occasion. He exposed himself fearlessly on the heights, and fell at length mortally wounded. He was buried the next day by his brother officers, and a stone placed over his grave, on which an inscription is traced, which records, that at the age of twenty-five he fell, covered with wounds, in the service of his country.

The fortress of Kalingur is situated about twenty miles south of Banda, half that distance from the first range of hills, and stands upon an immense elevation, rising nine hundred feet above the level of the plain, with a basis ten or twelve miles in circumference. The mountains, or rather the vast rock on which it is erected, affords remarkable security to those once possessed of the stronghold. A large extent of level table-land, five miles in circumference, extends over the summit, terminating in a crest of black crag, forming the basis of the wall, which sweeps round the whole summit, and overhanging a steep abrupt descent, down which are cut numerous roads and pathways leading to the plain below. The fort is built within the *enceinte* of the wall. Starting from the valley, we ascended by a broad winding road, cut along the eastern face of the rock, to a height of a hundred feet above the level of the plain, and here found our progress obstructed by the first of the seven gateways, which, in reference to the seven planets, have to be passed through before reaching the summit; it is called the pass of Hogs. A little to our right lies the town of Kalinghur, surrounded by a ditch, and a wall twenty-five feet thick, and composed of huge projecting points of rock, fitted, without cement, one into the other. From the first to the second gate, named the Kafir Ghautie or the Gate of Infidels, the ascent is rugged, stony, and difficult. And thence by steps to the third gate, called the Surg Rojun, over which lies a large reservoir of clear limpid mineral water, presided

over by a huge image carved in the solid wall, and remains of other sculptures of divinities. To a doorway leading to the left, outside the rampart, carts were once said to be brought, but it is now closed, owing to the incursions of the tigers and leopards, who, emerging from the jungle covering the slopes of the hills in dense masses, lie in wait for prey, and springing on the passer-by, devour him, or carry him into the heart of the wood. Passing through the last gate, we enter the fort, and the eye is immediately attracted by numerous Hindoo figures scattered here and there. The next object which claims attention, is a large gun, formed of bars of iron, compressed together with hoops of the same metal, lying without any carriage, upon an elevated bed of stones. Other ancient guns, composed of silver and copper mixed, are to be found in several parts of the fort. Wild custard-apple trees grow thickly over the fertile soil, laden with delicious fruit of a surprising size. The puppyah, the tamarind, the peepul, thrive luxuriantly, and reach to an enormous height, and form, with their dense and brilliant foliage, shady places, clustering round the walls, overgrown with wild balsams. The fertility of the soil is great, and resembles that found in the diamond districts near Pannah, and transparent chrySTALLINE pebbles glisten here and there over the sand.

Turning round, and descending a flight of steps to the left of the main gate, we reach the ramparts, which are seven feet in height, and built in the form of mitres, with embrasures between each, about eighteen inches wide, continued all round the fort, a mile and a half in diameter. Walking on a little further we come to a spring, which depends for its moisture upon the rains, since it is dry in the hot season. Few paces beyond is placed the curious Patal Gunga, or subterranean Ganges, which can only be examined by the light of torches, and the small earthen lamps called churajs; descending carefully an abrupt and rugged flight of steps we obtain, as we pass through little apertures in the rock, glimpses of a fearful precipice without, descending perpendicularly down to the depth of eight hundred feet. Forty feet below the level of the rock the termination of the steps is reached, and the traveller finds himself in a cave of impenetrable darkness, which the light of the torches fails sufficiently to illumine. When the eye becomes more accustomed to the dim light, a reservoir of water is perceived, which, though doubtless somewhat enlarged by manual labor, was first formed by water dropping from the rock. It is cold, clear, limpid, and deep. By ruffling it with the hand into tiny waves the lamps are floated over its surface to the furthest



extremity, and thus a perfect view is obtained of the interior of the cave, to the roof of which the bats cling, or whiz and flutter overhead, and, by their nauseous effluvia, send one back again as soon as possible up the flight of steps.

Passing on yet further along the wall, through ruined openings here and there, we obtain glimpses of dizzy heights, descending precipitously to the plains. Dislodging a large stone of about one hundred-weight, and rolling it down the hill, it is amusing to mark its course as it rushes madly on, bounding, rebounding, and bounding again, from shelf to shelf, finding no resting-place on the abrupt side of the hills, dashing out a sheet of fire at each collision with the rock, until it rumbles into the forest below, rousing up a succession of echoes, and frightening with its fearful noise the black monkeys, whose agitation is discernible by the uneasy motion of the trees, as in their dismay they leap from bough to bough, from tree to tree, and express their terror by yells and screams. These creatures are esteemed as sacred, and may be seen daily in the forest, bounding with surprising vigor and agility from battlement to battlement.

Further on is a flight of steps, descending to an excavation under a shelving portion of the rock, on the face of which are inscriptions, denoting the dates when pilgrims arrived from afar, performed here their devotions, and departed again.

We now arrived at a ruined portion of the wall; it is the place where the breach was once attempted. Opposite to it stands the little hill of Kalinjaree, which rises nearly to a level with the fort, but is, however, distant from it 825 yards. In their endeavour to break through the wall of Kalinjaree many brave officers and men fell, but were killed chiefly by the stones rolled down from the garrison. Their tombs scattered near the Bhagur Nuddee, two miles from the fort, stand as mementoes of an ineffectual attempt on the fort, rendered so by an obstacle opposed by nature, in the shape of a huge perpendicular rock. Passing out of the Bunsahir Gate, named by Colonel M'Morra the Pannah Gate, guarded by two others on the outside, and turning to the left, we arrive at an ever-flowing spring, which the water-carriers are deterred from visiting, owing to the incursions continually made by the leopards and hyenas. The next object of attention is another spring of cold translucent water, constantly dropping, and sometimes flowing, from a stratum of rock. Proceeding further, we find a black marble image of a hog. Here we must pause, and, before hurrying on into the temple of Neelknuth, standing on the south of Kalinjur,

cast a glance at the surrounding landscape which stretches, like a huge panorama, beyond.

Immediately in the vicinity of Kalinjur the country is low, flat, and marshy, until the middle of the cold season. The hills on which the fort is built descend, clothed with verdure, to the plain, now stretching out into a sort of terrace, now abruptly descending; now we behold slopes covered with jungle and its festooning creepers; and now groves of peepul or tamarind trees, with their waving blossoms, on the boughs of which the baya and other birds, of every variety of plumage, cluster and warble their songs through the air. On the plains the cattle feeding seem, from the elevated position from which the view is obtained, as no larger than sheep, and the Bundelas tending them like a pigmy race. Fields of the cotton plant, waving their white blossoms to the fanning breeze, spread like broad sheets of water here and there. The forest rises abruptly from the plain; and here, again, the vision is bounded by a narrow chain of hills, and here a lake sparkles in the rays of the sun.

Withdrawing our gaze from the country, we pursue our course without the ramparts. Descending a flight of steps cut from the rock, we perceive, on our passage down, numerous inscriptions and ancient sculptures, and at length arrive at a subterraneous reservoir, hewn, after considerable labor, from the rock, of which the pillars are left to support the upper part. It extends further than the eye can reach. The water is very deep, and drips constantly over the temple, which is below. Descending another flight of steps, we meet with a huge mutilated sculpture. The temple of Neelknuth is a semi-circular cave, about twenty-eight feet in diameter, excavated in the solid rock. The figure of Neelknuth is a large hyena painted black, with two ill-shaped silver eyes, about three feet in height, and two in circumference. In front is a slab of black marble, on which is a Sanscrit inscription, rendered partly illegible by the grains having been macerated upon it. It is supposed to commemorate the deeds of Rajah Purmaul, and appears to have been engraved 669 years ago. Many sentences and proverbs can, however, still be deciphered.

We now find ourselves again near the main gate, by which we entered, and passing onward, come to the ancient palace of Rajah Chuttur Saul, which is now converted in a powder magazine. At a short distance stands a Hindoo temple, with a dome, surrounded by cupolas and ancient gateways. The Koth Teeruth, an immense reservoir of water, about a hundred yards long, and forty broad, lies near here. It is excavated from the rock, and supplied by

copious springs. Near this is another tank, also hewn from the rock. The waters are, however, mineral, and unwholesome. Besides this numerous other tanks are distributed through the fort.

Kalinjur, on which so much patient labor has been expended, will probably never again be required for the purposes of war, since it requires far too considerable a force to garrison it. It stands a glorious ruin, belonging to the past, and will long constitute at once an object of curiosity and admiration to travellers. The height on which it is erected—the precipices by which it is surrounded—the far landscape over which the eye can roam—the excavations—the palaces—the subterranean caverns—the images of idols and pagan gods—all suggest boundless themes for meditation, and days might, therefore, be spent in wandering about its ruins. Kalinjur, after once resisting a brilliant attack, was at length ceded to the British, and the stronghold whose walls had resisted Mahmood of Ghuzni, and sustained a siege of ten years from Ali Bahadur, thus became a British possession. However, after a brief occupancy as a military post, it was finally abandoned.

There is, besides, a magnificent fortress, built upon a small projection of the Vindyan range, overlooking, on either side, two enormously deep glens, through which the two branches of the Dussera river descend over the table-lands of Bundelkund. This fort cost more than a million pounds sterling in constructing. The works form an acute triangle, with the base towards the table-land, and the two ends hanging perpendicularly over the glen, with the apex pointing to the course of the stream, as they again unite and pass through a deep chasm into the plains. The place is now deserted, and the town occupied only by a police to keep off marauders.

Bundelkund has not been so much infested by organized bands of freebooters as some other neighbouring provinces. It is not, however, wholly free from them. Gopal Singh, the military adventurer who usurped the district of Kotra, the lawful inheritance of Rajah Bakht Sing, the descendant of Chutter Saul, has been a source of infinite annoyance and trouble. The British took the part of the Rajah, and despatched a detachment to put him again in possession of his rights. Gopal Singh came into camp, hastily proffered submission, and as hastily repented again, for, departing abruptly, he retired into the thickets above the first range of hills, in which he concealed himself, and with his followers from time to time made incursions below, rushing down upon the plains, spreading confusion and dismay around, and then sudden-

ly retreating and taking refuge in the rugged valley between the first and second range of the Vindyan hills. The marauding attacks of Gopal Singh continued at intervals to disturb the quiet, and delay the pacific settlement of the country. After retiring now and then, suddenly attacking the enemy opposed to him, and making the most audacious enterprises, and being pursued up the hills, he was at length surprised in his hiding-place by Captain Wilson, with a squadron of native infantry, three first battalions of the 16th native infantry, and three companies of the 7th, &c., in the second range above the Ghauts. He contrived, however, to escape, and retired to the south, where he was again pursued, his followers routed and dispersed, while he contrived to escape into the jungle, where he remained with his men. Still unsubdued, soon after he emerged again from his hiding-place, and continued to descend from the hills, but was once more compelled to retreat. Colonel Brown being apprised of his position, secretly moved near him, and came suddenly upon the enemy's camp, pitched at the head of the Dowani Pass, in the Marao hills, on the bed of what was once a swamp, protected by a thick wood on either side, and only to be reached by ascending steep and narrow defiles. A volley suddenly fired upon the camp, first warned the enemy of the vicinity of their pursuers. They rose and fled, without attempting resistance. Gopal Singh stripped of all his resources, a solitary fugitive, his followers routed and dispersed, at length became weary of the desperate life he had been leading, and now proffered his submission to the British, who granted him a jaghir in the district of Panwari, which is still occupied by his descendants.

Bundelkund, possessing few marauders of its own, from its exposed position, seems to invite aggressions from those of neighbouring states. The deeds of these gentlemen, whether under the denomination of Thugs or any other name, have been the theme of travellers for ages. Instances are continually narrated illustrative of their extraordinary patience, perseverance, cunning, and the daring with which they often commit their crimes in the very midst, sometimes, of armed men, and carry off their prey under the most perilous circumstances. They prevail more or less all over India, and in Bundelkund peculiar facilities are afforded in its forests, rocks, and caves. In spite of their oil-rubbed slippery bodies, however, they are frequently outwitted and caught. The night-watchers spring mostly from the same class, and though accustomed in their youth to the practice of thieving, yet when reclaimed, display extraordinary faithfulness, and execute their task of chas-



ing and catching the robber very cleverly, thus aptly illustrating the old proverb, "Set a thief to catch a thief." On a dry arid plain the traces of their footsteps are scarcely discernible, save to those accustomed from their youth to catch such signs of visitation.

A night-watcher was once employed to catch a thief who had committed some depredations, and carried off the plate-service of some officers in garrison at Kotra. He tracked the robber as far as Ahmedabad, about fourteen or fifteen miles distant, but here lost sight of him in the crowded streets and bazaars of that city, but again, near one of the gates, recovered traces of the gentleman, who, to escape his pursuer, actually waded knee-deep through a stream, for an immense distance. He was, however, at length overtaken about thirty miles distant from the scene of the theft, and the stolen property recovered.

The Bundelkund landed proprietors consider it highly disreputable to their own characters if a thief be found upon their farms or estates, and are always careful to expel from their villages all persons of suspected character. The province, however, is not often the scene of atrocities. Rewan seems to serve as an asylum for all malcontents and criminals.

The Bundelas are industrious and obedient, but at the same time bold and crafty. They resist bravely all attacks made upon them; if on the mountains, they take the most effectual method of stopping pursuit by hurling huge fragments of rock, or a large thorny shrub, upon the enemy. Some are fraudulent in the extreme, and scarcely to be equalled for cunning. A proverb prevails in the district, "*Nu sou el hund kee, nu ek Bhoondelkundee*"—a hundred retailers of grain (proverbially rogues) are only equal to one native of Bundelkund.

The costume in use here much resembles that prevalent all over Hindostan. The natives are particularly partial to green, on account of the dye not being liable to fade, as is generally the case in India. It is said to be composed of the leaves of the unmowah, the havver, and alum—the two latter ingredients being first put into water, in which the unmowah leaves are afterwards boiled.

The hospitality exhibited by the Bundelas towards a stranger is remarkable. If they obtain intelligence of his approach, beforehand, no pains are spared to render his reception worthy of his rank. The Rajah, mounted upon elephants, attended by his train, and sparkling in silver brocade and gold turban, comes forth to welcome the traveller. The women throng from the houses, overcoming their natural timidity in their anxiety to gaze upon a stranger.

One is chosen, and advancing before the rest, carries on her head a brass jug, brightly polished, full of water, while all the other families of the village surround her, and sing in chorus some rural song, which lasts until the traveller is beyond hearing. The *hossjug* is held for the purpose of receiving contributions, to be expended afterwards in the purchase of koor or coarse sugar, of which the women alone venture to partake. It is a sacred offering made to their sex, and the men do not presume to share it.

At Sedpoor, the old high priest of the temple projecting into the Sangur district, a man of great wealth, spends the whole in feeding all the members of his fraternity, devotees to Vishnu, as they pass his temple, on their pilgrimage, who are entitled to a good meal and a night's lodging. He feeds, in general, about a hundred per day.

The employments of the Bundelas are chiefly agriculture, and attending to the sugar mills, of which there are great numbers in the province.

The productions are numerous and varied, but among the chief, and most important, must be reckoned its splendid cotton. The soil of this province is peculiarly adapted to the growth of this plant, which, it is well known, requires a dry sandy soil, and no irrigation. Much water and manure, so far from exerting a beneficial effect on the plant, only swell the branches, and cause it to expand its richness on an overabundance of leaves. The bushes thrive best, it has been found, on experiment, about four or five feet apart. A contrary opinion prevails in some parts of India, and the planters jumble the seed close to each other, in the hope of extracting a larger but not a finer crop. The consequence is, that, when the season for gathering arrives, the women and children, the principal persons employed in this labor, in passing in and out between the plants, break the dried leaves, a portion of the capsule, into the fruit, from which it is difficult to detach it, owing to the fine soft texture of the cotton plant.

There are in Bundelkund five descriptions of soil. The mauree, or black marl of the first quality, is peculiar to Bundelkund and Malwah provinces, and produces a most luxuriant crop of cotton, as well as grain, where the rains are not immoderate. The Teer, or other lands extending along the banks of the rivers and around Baudae, which is subject to inundations, is retained for winter crops. The Purwal, mixed sand and clay, is either sown with the rainy season crops, or with the winter crops, such as wheat and barley, and the soil formed of a mixture of limestone and clay, which is found about the hills and broken ground, where the water washes off as soon as it falls, produces a

light vegetation, but is considered scarcely rich enough for any but the rainy season crops. The inhabitants, however, sow it with cotton, and if the crops in the rich soils become damaged by too much wet, they have been known to thrive in Bundelkund. The amount of produce varies according to the character of the soil. The district does not, perhaps, yield one half what it might be made to produce if more attention were bestowed on the cultivation. Crops are frequently injured, from no fault of the ayots, but from the poverty of the landlords. Were their condition ameliorated, the crops would rise in value.

The time of sowing in Bundelkund commences at the beginning of the periodical rains. The seed is first rubbed with fresh manure between the hands, to prevent the seeds from adhering one to another, and are then sown broadcast. The seed having been scattered, the soil is ploughed. The plants require a first weeding in ten or fifteen days, another in a month, and a third fifteen or twenty days after that. The seeds shoot in about five days; the more freely the air circulates through the plants the better. Some reach the height of six feet, some four, others two, and some only one. They flower in August, and pod about the commencement of September.

The province produces, besides, wheat, grain, and barley. It suffers considerably from want of seasonable showers, and is visited sometimes by scarcity. In the famine of 1833 this affliction was attended with the most melancholy results. The neighbouring province of Malwah supplied streams of grain, which flowed upwards towards Bundelkund, whose population immediately began to flock to the source whence the supplies of food flowed, hoping to obtain subsistence and employment. A scene of desolation manifested itself all over the district. The houses were crowded with the dead and the dying—the woods were strewn with corpses; and subscriptions were at length set on foot to succour the people in their distress. The degradation of beggary was severely felt by the bold Bundelas; many, rather than submit to it, set forth towards Malwah with wife and children, and becoming at length faint and exhausted, swallowed opium, and shared this death-potion with their families, when exhausted nature could hold out no longer, and quietly lay down on the roadside to die in each other's arms. Hundreds crept into gardens, made themselves quiet retreats in courtyards and old mines, concealing themselves under shrubs, grass-mats, or straw, where they might close their eyes in peace, without having their bodies torn by wild savage beasts of prey.

There are in Bundelkund many plains covered with fine long grass; there are many varieties of grass in this province, and the people understand their character and qualities extremely well. Some thrive best in dry, some in wet soil, and coarser and inferior qualities thrive where none other will. The finest are two which are generally found growing spontaneously together—kele and musele.

The productions of Bundelkund are iron, ebony, timber, agates, diamonds, grasses, cotton, sugar-candy, coarse cloths, honey, fruits, the tamarind, the apple, grapes, chestnuts, saltpetre, opium, sugar, indigo, &c., &c. Beautiful flowers bloom in its retired spots—the most lovely shrubs blossom on its rocky hills. Birds of brilliant plumage haunt the villages unmolested, forming their nests even within hands'-reach, and the Indian boy scorns to touch the homes of the little creature, that seems to seek the civilized parts of the province, and courts his protection.

Such is a brief outline of the province of Bundelkund, but it would take many more pages to render us perfectly familiar with the whole value of its productions, the inhabitants, their manners, the resources it may yet be made to yield, and, in brief, the actual importance of Bundelkund to the British government. These we may take a future opportunity of describing in their whole extent. — *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*.

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THE PASSIONS.—Some declaimers against the passions impute to them all the troubles of man, but they forget that those abused passions are also the source of all his pleasures; the error is in regarding them entirely on the bad side. But it is the passions only, and the great ones too, which can elevate the soul to the performance of noble actions; without them there would be nothing approaching the sublime either in morals or in literature, and virtue itself would even become frivolous. — *Diderot*.

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#### HISTORICAL DOUBTS.

Forty years ago a certain Peter Müller published two thick volumes at Dusseldorf, in which a vast amount of learning and innumerable quotations are brought forward, in order to prove that there never were any Romans, that Julius Cæsar and Charles V. are one and the same person, that Latin is corrupted German; in fact that the whole of history is false, and only invented to deceive credulous persons and to plague schoolboys.



## ENGLISH AND FOREIGN HOTELS.

Nothing in continental usages appears to differ so entirely from its counterpart in England, as the system of hotels. In its various details of management, attendance, and accommodation, the continental hotel offers something to condemn, but much more to admire and imitate. A hotel in any part of Great Britain is a mansion fitted up very much like a private house. People live in it apart from each other, as they would do in a lodging establishment; and for this seclusion, and the special way in which they are served, they usually pay at an extravagant rate. The consequence of this extravagance is, that people go to hotels as little as they possibly can, instead of resorting to them freely.

A hotel in Belgium, France, Switzerland, or Germany, has no resemblance to a private mansion. It is a structure of vast dimensions, built for the purpose, with a large front to the street, and a gateway which conducts you into an inner court, surrounded with buildings belonging to the establishment. Within this court is usually situated the kitchen, apart from the sleeping and eating departments; and by this means you are not sickened with smells of hot plates and cookery, such as almost universally pervade the hotels in England. Within the gateway is the entrance to a large saloon, resembling an English ball-room; and this is the eating apartment common to all the inmates. One or two long tables ordinarily stand ready covered; and the walls and windows are for the most part very prettily decorated. One of the finest saloons we have chanced to see is that in Streit's hotel, Hamburg. Lofty and spacious, like a concert-room, and lighted from the roof, the walls are ornamented with a kind of fresco painting, illustrative of characters in the 'Cid.' Three hundred people may dine in this handsome hall. The number that sat down daily during our stay in the house, was about a hundred and thirty, which, consisting of ladies as well as gentlemen, had an imposing and elegant appearance. The other parts of a continental hotel are rooms for the private accommodation of guests. Every apartment is at once a bedroom and sitting-room. On one side are two small French beds, generally without curtains, and therefore not conspicuous. The wood of the bedsteads is mahogany or walnut, and goes to the floor all round like a box, showing no open space beneath. The floor, well polished, has a table in the centre, suitable for writing. The wash-stand often resembles a chest of drawers, from which the top lifts back with a hinge, disclosing the requi-

site utensils below. There are so many mirrors in gilt frames round the apartment, that a special dressing-glass is not required. The weak point in the arrangements is the provision for washing. Instead of a basin, the stand contains an oval pie-dish, flat in the bottom; and for a water-jug is substituted a long-necked crystal bottle. The pie-dish is of course a subject of universal laughter among English continental travellers, who are long in becoming reconciled to so odd an apparatus. It may afford some consolation to be told, that basins and water-ewers are actually beginning to make their way abroad. At Ostend, Bruges, Brussels, and Hamburg, we lately saw them for the first time; farther inland they have not yet penetrated; but we cannot entertain a doubt of their in time driving pie-dishes and case-bottles out of use.

The number of rooms in some of the continental hotels is surprising. Sixty to eighty apartments, each containing one or two beds, are quite common. In large towns, however, we have seen hotels with a hundred and fifty to two hundred bedrooms, and every one filled. A book is always kept, in which guests inscribe their names on arrival—a practice complained of by some travellers, but really causing no sort of trouble, and useful for various purposes. At a large hotel in Leipsic, a method of inscribing names is adopted, which struck us as valuable. On a large black board, hanging in the gateway of the house, are rows of figures, corresponding to the numbers of the apartments, and in spaces opposite the figures, the names of guests are written in chalk, as soon as they arrive. By this means the landlord sees at a glance what rooms are occupied; and visitors, without asking, can very easily learn who are in the house, or in what number they may find their friends. When guests depart, their names are erased. No plan could be more simple for the purpose it is to serve.

To prevent confusion as to bells, a curious improvement has lately been introduced into continental inns. Instead of each room having a distinct bell, there is only one bell for every floor. If the house, however large, consist of six stories, there are no more than six bells. Twenty persons, in as many rooms, may all be tugging at the same bell, and yet the attendant will answer each. The way the thing is done is this: Each bell-rope pulls two wires—one going down stairs to the bell, and the other going no farther than the adjoining passage. Here, in the passage or lobby, is affixed an apparatus

against the wall, consisting of a board, with numbers inscribed, corresponding to the numbers of the apartments on the floor. Over each number is attached a cover or lid, which falls down by a hinge. The wires from the rooms are led to this apparatus. Say that we pull the bell of No. 20, down falls the lid or flap which covers No. 20 on the board, and consequently the attendant sees the number of the room in which the bell was rung. The flap is put back by the attendant, so as to again cover up the number, when she has executed the object for which she was called. It fastens by a spring catch, and remains up till the bell is again applied to.

Continental hotels are evidently got up by persons of considerable capital; and that the proprietors are possessed of no small degree of taste, is apparent from the elegant manner in which their establishments are embellished. The quantity of dinner plates, knives, and silver forks they possess, must in some instances be immense. At Streit's, in Hamburg, for example, each of the hundred and thirty guests above-mentioned, had his plate, knife, and fork changed ten times during dinner. Three hundred people served on the same scale, would require three thousand plates, knives, and forks; but as on such occasions the apparatus first removed is, we believe, rapidly cleaned, and again served, much fewer would suffice; still, the quantity in demand must be enormous. From all that has come under our notice, we are inclined to think foreign landlords superior, as a class, to persons in the profession in this country. They are, in fact, recruited from a higher rank in society; and generally smart-looking personages, in the dress of gentlemen, they may be observed mingling familiarly, and without subserviency, among their guests. Perhaps a key to the character of these men is found in the character of their servants. No two beings in a similar occupation are more unlike each other than the *garçon* and the waiter. Young, active, intelligent, communicative, and obliging, the *garçon* is prodigiously ahead of his English prototype. Dressed in a neat dark jacket and white apron, he is the impersonation of alertness. The waiter, on the other hand, has for the most part a broken-down look; he perhaps wears a shabby long coat, and shabbier waistcoat, and at best he is imitative in his attire; he is always aiming to look like a gentleman, instead of what he really is, a waiter. The *garçon* can never be taken for any body else than a *garçon*; he keeps to his professional costume, appears what he is, and is therefore invariably respectable. The *garçon*, however, enjoys the advantage of not being looked down upon. His occupation is not degraded, nor does

it degrade its professors. A young man belonging to a respectable grade in society may be a *garçon*, and not lose caste; the situation of a waiter is considered to be below that of a footman. Thus esteemed, the *garçon* knows how to conduct himself. Nobody ever saw a *garçon* with a red nose, or smelling of drams. A *garçon* speaking thick, and having some difficulty in balancing himself, is an impossibility. The *garçon* does not drink; he is above such abominations. Another thing remarkable in *garçons*, comparing them with waiters, is their want of subserviency. The waiter bows down, almost prostrates himself before you, agrees to every thing you say, no matter what nonsense you utter — always looking forward to a consideration. The vision of half-a-crown in the distance will make him submit to any species of indignity. The *garçon* is respectful, but never in the least subservient; he will commence a conversation, and chat agreeably on a number of pleasant things. We have often got a good deal of information out of *garçons*; for, besides observation, many of them have read the best authors of their country.

English waiters rarely speak any other language than their mother tongue. The greater number of *garçons* speak at least two languages; many of them manage to have three — French, German, and English; and on a late occasion we discovered one who spoke six — French, German, English, Danish, Swedish, and Norwegian. The very acquisition of foreign tongues marks the earnest diligence and professional anxiety of the *garçon*. A gentleman of our acquaintance, who was lately lodging in a hotel at Strasburg, noticed that the *garçon* spoke English remarkably well, though in a formal way; on asking how he had acquired the language, he replied by stating, "that he had for some time studied it daily under a master, between the hours of five and six in the morning, and eleven and twelve at night, such being the only time he was disengaged." Could a more striking or pleasing instance be found of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties? It may convince the young that "Where there is a will there is a way" — that even the impediment of late hours at labor is not always a valid excuse for ignorance.

Many *garçons* acquire foreign languages by serving in the hotels of countries distant from home. The Germans are most addicted to this practice. A lad who comes out as a *garçon* in Vienna or Berlin, does not consider himself proficient till he has served for a year or two in a hotel in Paris, and as long in London, or some of our provincial cities. A few weeks ago, while residing in a hotel at Leamington, we were waited



on by a native of Baden. He mentioned that his father was a person in respectable circumstances in the Black Forest; that he had left his home to qualify himself for the situation of *chef des garçons*; first having served in a Parisian hotel for two years, he now had come to England for the sake of the language. He spoke French fluently; and already, though only a few months in the country, by dint of observation and hard study, he expressed himself in English with wonderful propriety. This young man spoke complainingly of the degradation to which a *garçon* is exposed in English hotels. "In France or Germany," said he, "a *garçon* has a precise duty to perform—that of attending on guests; but in England, a waiter is expected to help to shake carpets, clean windows, scour knives, and do many other menial services: a foreign *garçon* coming here to learn the language feels that to be very disagreeable." Of course we sympathized with this migratory *garçon*, so far from home, and wished he might rise to be a chef, if not an actual hotel-keeper, in his own country.

The English flatter themselves with the idea, that wherever they go on the continent, improved hotel usages follow in their train. They have certainly introduced tea in many places, nor will we deny that their dragooning as to certain points in cleanliness has had its effect. But the true missionary of English comfort is the wandering *garçon*. Coming to England, and seeing a multiplicity of odds and ends essential for cleanliness and comfort in our system of living, he carries away a knowledge of them to his own country, and at the first opportunity effects their introduction into hotels. Acquainted with what the English like, he tries to please them. In this way foreign hotels have added various English comforts to their own peculiar arrangements.

It is at the table-d'hôte that the *garçon* is seen exhibiting his proficiency as a waiter. One of his clevernesses consists in carrying a tray covered with dishes on the palm of his hand, and this, elevated above his shoulder, he brings into the saloon as soon as the guests are seated for dinner. A troop of *garçons*, carrying trays poised on the uplifted hand, is a sight worth seeing. The most accomplished practitioners whom we have seen are the *garçons* in the Hôtel de Flandre at Brussels, where, apropos of table-d'hôtes, about the very best and cheapest dinner in Europe is to be obtained. It is impossible to go through the operation of dinner here without acknowledging that John Bull is still vastly behind in the arts of cooking and eating. And why will not John take a lesson from the French? Is it not monstrous that you shall pay the good and sufficient sum of three shillings at

an English hotel for a beefsteak, or a slice from a leg of mutton—in either case called dinner; while at any hotel in France or Flanders (where markets are as high as in England) you will get a choice of twenty dishes for less money? The charge for dinner at the table-d'hôte of the Hôtel de Flandre is three francs; and just look what sort of a dinner it is. The following dishes were one day served round:—Soup, rosoles of brain, mutton chops dressed, fricandeau of veal, vol-au-vent, sweetbreads, roast veal, roast lamb, stewed pigeons, stewed fowls, goose liver (a most *recherché* dish, which we tasted for the first time), salad, ham, crebs (a kind of very small lobsters), dressed peas, cauliflower, new potatoes, Italian cream, strawberries, pudding, cherries, preserved ginger, cheese, and various sweetmeats and cakes. Such a dinner as this, paraded at any London tavern, would cost ten or twelve shillings a-head, and yet the English purveyor would probably have but a small profit. The wonderful cheapness and profusion of the table-d'hôte dinners are traceable to one circumstance—the French do not cook large joints: the trick of their fine dinners lies in preparing small dishes—a little of this and a little of that—just so much as will be eaten. When a large dinner is served in England, the house has cold meat and hashes—which we detest—for a week. Would it not be a great saving, and more consistent with common sense, to cook only what is likely to be used? At present, variety is sacrificed for the sake of huge expensive joints, the bulk of which leave the table not the tenth part eaten.

Seriously, we should like to see a reform in these things; and nothing is so well calculated to bring about a change as the introduction of the table-d'hôte system—a system by which the various parties in a hotel would dine comfortably and economically together, in place of each requiring a distinct suite of dishes to be served to himself. If the aristocratic habits of English society cannot tolerate eating in company, the more, we say, is the pity, and the sooner we get quit of such habits the better.

One more last word on dinners. According to the continental plan, all the dishes are first placed on the table, so that you may have a view of the viands, and mentally form your selection. The dishes are then removed to a side table, where they are carved by an expert *garçon* (usually with a knife of immense size and power), and one after the other handed round. If there be twenty distinct dishes, each in its turn comes round; fresh plates being at the same time supplied by subordinate *garçons*, who are continually going about for the purpose. A dinner of this sort, in good houses, lasts about an hour and a half. Can we for a moment compare

the rest of mankind. 4. There is nothing in their psychology so different from other nations as to give any reason for supposing them a different species."

For the steps which have enabled the writer to arrive at these conclusions we refer to the work itself.

There is no less uncertainty as to language; also a subject as yet in its infancy—and that, notwithstanding the acute investigations of the German philologists. We must wait until lexicons shall have been formed, grammars constructed, and dialects compared, before we can pronounce safely on it. At present, there is no agreement as to the fundamental principles. Baron W. Humboldt insists that there is but one prime original language (however subdivided into dialects) diffused over the islands of the Indian seas and Oceania:—Crawford and Marsden that there are two at least, radically distinct from each other. One thing seems clear—that the monosyllabic roots of the widely-extended Malayo-Polynesian language have great affinity with the Chinese; while in another language supposed to be nearly co-extensive with it the dissyllabic obtains. It is a curious fact, too, that both are pervaded by roots of Sanscrit origin. But as they have no inflexions either for nouns or verbs, they differ *toto calo* in construction from that famous Asiatic tongue which is one of the most elaborately compounded on earth. Such languages can harmonize only by lopping off the excrescences of the later and more artificial language—later, we mean, in the order of adoption, not more recent in its age. That colonies speaking a dialect of the Sanscrit, at a period anterior to historic records, have established themselves in Java, Borneo, and other islands of the Indian Archipelago, is indisputable on the evidence of both language and tradition: and from these islands the stream of colonization has spread eastward over the whole of Oceania, even to Mexico and Peru. In fact, though our author does not notice it, there are many words in the modern Peruvian identical with those of the Malayo-Polynesian—as any one may easily satisfy himself by comparing the Gospels in the former language with the vocabularies of the latter. But after all, little certainty can be attained in such speculations until more facts shall be before us. One thing is clear—both from organic conformation and from the prime elements of speech—that races occupy the islands of the vast ocean, differing as much from one another as the dominant caste of Mexico did from that of Peru.

A third distinction in races—that of mythologic traditions—is subject to as much uncer-

tainty as that of language. As colonies of different people carried the one, so would they the other, to every island and country which they selected for their habitation; and after the lapse of ages it must be a hopeless task to attempt to separate either from those of the more ancient inhabitants. Of these traditions many are very curious—and worthy of notice, as suggesting co-incidental affinities with those of other people geographically remote from the scene.—

"The Tongan people have an ancient tradition which seems to record an obscure recollection of their arrival at their present abode, and of the direction in which they must in all probability have come. It contains a fable as to the origin of the Island of Tonga, which, when we take into the account the real geological formation of coral islands, elevated from the ocean as they are supposed to have been by volcanic force, is so much the more remarkable. In the first place they have an earthly mansion of the gods, not, like Olympus or Mount Alborj, or Maha Meru, a lofty summit, for high mountains were unknown to the natives of Tonga-Tabú. The divine region of these natives of the ocean is a beautiful island situated far to the north-eastward of their own land, ever blooming with the most beautiful flowers, which fill the air with fragrant and delightful odors, and bear the richest and most delicious fruits. When these are plucked, the same immortal plants bring forth others to replace them. Birds of the most splendid plumage fill the groves of this enchanted land, where there are also abundance of hogs to supply the tables of the Hotooas or gods and demi-gods; and when for this purpose either a bird or a hog is killed, another immediately comes into existence to supply its place. This island of Bolotoo, as it is named, is so far distant from Tonga that the voyage would be dangerous for canoes, and these would be sure to miss it unless it were decreed otherwise by the particular determination of the gods. There is, indeed, a myth that in times long past the crew of a canoe returning from Fiti and driven by stress of weather, in extreme want, descried an unknown land. Seeing the country rich with all sorts of esculent plants, they landed and began to pluck some bread-fruit, but were astonished to find that they laid hold on a mere shadow: they walked through the trunks of trees and the walls of houses, which were built like those of Tonga, without feeling any resisting substance. 'At length they saw some of the Hotooas, but found that their bodies were unsubstantial forms. The Hotooas recommended them to depart immediately, and promised fair winds and a speedy course. Accordingly prosperous gales impelled them with wonderful celerity, and in the space of two days they arrived at Hamoa or the Navigators' Isles, where they touched, and afterwards reached Tonga with great speed. In a few days they all died, which was the natural consequence of their having breathed the air of Bolotoo.'"



these methods of carving and serving with what prevails at public dinners in England, where amidst the hurry-scurry and confusion, every one is glad to get anything that stands near him, or which some good-natured soul is willing to carve for the sake of his neighbours? At such dinners, we have known half-a-guinea paid for what was not worth a shilling or eighteenpence. One

cannot but wonder that the English, with all their profound sagacity in the matter of the stomach, should continue to tolerate these stupidities.\* As all societies now succeed whose name begins with *Anti*, we propose the institution of an Anti-bad-public-dinner Association. — *Chambers's Journal*.

## DR. PRICHARD'S RESEARCHES.

*Researches into the History of the Oceanic and of the American Nations.* By DR. J. C. PRICHARD.

This book forms the fifth and concluding volume of the author's curious and elaborate work entitled 'Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.' Whatever readers may think of many of the facts which the writer has collected — or of the inferences which he has deduced — no one will deny him the praise of great industry, patience, and honesty of purpose — associated generally with sound views.

On subjects such as Dr. Prichard professedly handles, there could not fail to be much difference of opinion. Take that of physical conformation, for instance. That nations have characteristics of their own is perceptible in many cases at the first glance. We do not allude merely to *color* — which is found in persons even of the same nation and country to be affected by locality; nor to stature or muscular development — which are often found to depend on accidental causes. We refer chiefly to the hands, the feet, and the formation of the head; which do unquestionably exhibit remarkable differences in different races. But a question arises which has not yet been satisfactorily discussed: — how far have the Indian mothers themselves by their artificial treatment of their infants occasioned some of these peculiarities? After all, however, peculiarities enough will be found to prevail which can be referable only to the hereditary distinctions of race; — though whether these distinctions have existed from the dispersion of mankind over the earth, or have been produced by local and isolated causes, subject to general physical laws, is a problem not likely to be solved in our day. It is true that year after year considerable accessions are made to our stock of knowledge, modifying or correcting preconceived opinions. Such is the following: —

"A fact observed by M. d'Orbigny must be taken into consideration. This writer informs

us that the color of the South American nations bears a very decided relation to the dampness or dryness of the atmosphere. People who dwell for ever under the shade of dense and lofty forests clothing the deep valleys which lie under the precipitous declivities of the eastern branches of the Cordillera, and the vast luxuriant plains of the Orinoko and Marignou, are comparatively white, while the Quichua, exposed to the solar heat in dry open spaces of the mountains, are of a much deeper shade. This is, perhaps, very analogous to what occurs in other parts of the world, though the fact has not been so precisely noted. M. d'Orbigny is not the only person who has made the observation in regard to the South American nations. Sir Robert Schomburgk, a most intelligent traveller, and a man of accurate observation, who has traversed many parts of South America, and has attentively studied the history of the native inhabitants, without having seen the work of D'Orbigny, has made to me precisely the same remark as a general result of his personal observation on the native inhabitants of different regions in the New World."

Ages must, however, elapse ere we shall have sufficient data on which to raise a true fabric of inductive reasoning. Facts have to be *classified* as well as *collected*; and for these two purposes the life of any one man, though wholly devoted to the inquiry, and protracted beyond the usual term, would be insufficient. Still the conclusions of the few who, like Dr. Prichard, have exhibited labor and acuteness in the investigation, are entitled to much respect. He says —

"The following inferences appear to result from the survey of the American nations: — 1. That all the different races, aboriginal in the American continent, or constituting its earliest known population, belong, including the Esquimaux, as far as their history and languages have been investigated, to one family of nations. 2. That these races display considerable diversities in their physical constitution, though, if we may place reliance on the preceding observation, derived from one original stock, and still betraying indications of mutual resemblance. 3. That there is nothing in the physical structure of these races tending to prove an original diversity from

they had subsided, the fisherman and his family took up their abode on the main land, and became the progenitors of the present inhabitants."

The people of the Figi, Feejee, or Vitian archipelago seem to be as savage as any in the whole range of Oceania. Human sacrifices are of daily occurrence. These are probably derived in some way from a savage tribe of Borneo, — where a young man is not even allowed to marry until he can show the skull of some one whom he has killed. But *these* people cannot even launch a canoe without anointing it with the blood of some dozen human victims: — and they seldom allow their kindred or parents to die a natural death. Our present concern, however, is with their mythology, and with their religious rather than their social characteristics. —

"They have a tradition that they and other races were born from two original parents. The Fijí was first born: he was wicked and was black: the Tongan next, was less wicked, whiter, and had therefore more clothes given to him. White men or Papalangis came last: they were virtuous, white, and had plenty of clothes. They have a tradition of a great flood, from which eight persons escaped to the island of Mbenga, where the highest of their gods made his appearance. By virtue of this tradition the chiefs of Mbenga take precedence of all others. This seems to indicate that the tradition is at least fundamentally genuine: without such confirmation we should suspect it to be the distorted relation of something told originally by missionaries. The Vitian pantheon contains numerous deities. The highest is Ndengei, who is worshipped in the form of a great serpent, alleged to dwell in a district near the western end of Vitilevu. He is the judge of the dead, but all spirits are not able to reach his abode. A great giant armed with an axe stands in the way and attempts to wound them, and wounded spirits cannot appear before Ndengei: they wander about the mountains. Next to Ndengei Toikarambe and Tai Lakambe come; they are sons of Ndengei. His grandchildren are likewise numerous; they preside over woods and forests. In addition to their beneficent gods they have malicious ones, who dwell in Mbulu or Hades, a subterranean vault. They have various notions about the fate of the dead: the only general fact is that a belief in the future state of spirits is universally and undoubtingly received. It is connected with no notion of religious or moral obligation. The passage to the future state is looked upon as a removal from a state of suffering to one of happiness. The Ambate or priests have great influence and support the power of the chiefs. The office of Ambate is mostly hereditary."

The mythologic traditions of the American continent are not less curious than those of the

islands. There are some which bear a remarkable affinity with those of Thibet and Tartary: — while one relating to the renewal of mankind after a deluge has considerable resemblance to that of Deucalion. But for further mythologic extracts we must refer to the volume.

The languages of the American continent exhibit some striking peculiarities. —

"'In America,' says Baron Von Humboldt, '(and this result of more modern researches is extremely important with respect to the history of our species,) from the country of the Esquimaux to the banks of the Orinoko, and again, from these torrid banks to the frozen climate of the Straits of Magellan, mother-tongues, entirely different with regard to their roots, have, if we may use the expression, the same physiognomy. Striking analogies of grammatical construction are acknowledged, not only in the more perfect languages, as that of the Incas, the Aymara, the Guarini, the Mexican, and the Cora, but also in languages extremely rude. Idioms, the roots of which do not resemble each other more than the roots of the Slavonian and Biscayan, have those resemblances of internal mechanism which are found in the Sanscrit, the Persian, the Greek, and the German languages. Almost everywhere in the New World we recognize a multiplicity of forms and tenses in the verb, an industrious artifice to indicate beforehand, either by inflection of the personal pronouns which form the terminations of the verb, or by an intercalated suffix, the nature and the relation of its object and its subject, and to distinguish whether the object be animate or inanimate, of the masculine or the feminine gender, simple or in complex number. It is on account of this general analogy of structure; it is because American languages, which have no word in common, the Mexican, for instance, and the Quichua, resemble each other by their organization, and form complete contrasts with the languages of Latin Europe, that the Indians of the missions familiarize themselves more easily with other American idioms than with the language of the mistress country.'"

Again. —

"In a great number of languages, of which no grammars or dictionaries yet exist, there are still specimens which afford a tolerable opportunity of estimating their general character and analogies, and as far as these data extend, it would appear that similar laws of construction are universal among the idioms of the New World. 'Many of these languages, as that of the Lenni Lenape, in particular, would rather appear from their construction to have been formed by philosophers in their closets than by savages in the wilderness.' This is an assertion which, though true, appears improbable, and the author of the remark offers the best defence that can be given. 'If it should be asked,' he says, 'how this can have happened, I can only answer that I have been ordered to collect and ascertain facts, and not to build theories.'"



One of the divinities of these islands — a very gigantic being, the motion of whose body produces earthquakes — is identical with the Enceladus of classic fable. And as to the paradise described in the above extract, how little does it differ from that of several American tribes, or even from that where Arthur slumbers! The following is curious. —

"We now come to the mythos which relates to the origin of known and habitable lands. According to the Tongan mythology, the gods, the ocean, Bolotoo, and the heavenly bodies, had always existed. Nought else was to be seen above the level of the sea. The god Tangaloa went out to fish, and having let down from the sky his hook and line, he caught something of immense weight, and which resisted his efforts to raise it. Believing that he had hooked an immense fish he exerted all his strength, and presently there appeared above the surface points of rock, which increased in number and extent. The line broke just as the god had succeeded in raising the islands of Tonga above the level of the ocean. The rock on which his hook struck is still to be seen in the island of Hoonga, with the hole in which it caught, and the hook was in the possession of the Tuitonga family till it was some time since accidentally destroyed. Tangaloa having raised the group of islands above the sea, next filled them with fruit and animals like those of Bolotoo, but perishable and of inferior quality. He sent his two sons, Toobó and Váca-ácow-ooli, with their wives to people it. Váca-ácow-ooli was wise and virtuous: Toobó idle and depraved. Envy the prosperity of his brother, Toobó at length killed him. Tangaloa, enraged at this, sent Váca-ácow-ooli and his family with prosperous gales to an eastern land, where they became ancestors of the Papalangi or White People. The descendants of Toobó were condemned to be black because their hearts were bad: they remained at Tonga, and are the present race of inhabitants."

Again, as to the Tahitian people. —

"The tradition of this tribe, like the myths of all Pagan nations, represents the first men, not as created by God, but as produced in the way of generation from the invisible beings who are supposed to have pre-existed. The island of Raiatea, which is looked upon by the Tahitians as a sort of sacred land or paradise, was the scene of the first incarnation of the Tii (Dii) or spirits who had there immemorially dwelt. *Tii Maaraauta*, or 'the spirit reaching towards the land,' and *Tii Maaraatai*, 'the spirit spreading towards the sea,' or the genii of earth and ocean, were the first of these invisible beings who obtained bodies and begot the human race. They settled at Opoa, a plain in Raiatea, and after peopling that island spread their family over the rest of the archipelago. Others say that Tii was not properly a spirit, but the first man made by the gods, and that his wife was sometimes called Tii and at others Hina; and

that their spirits surviving the dissolution of the body were still called Tii, and were worshipped as the ghosts of the departed till idolatry was abolished at Tahiti. Mr. Ellis observes that in the Ladrone prayers were offered to Aniti, who, like the Tii, were regarded both as the *manes* of the dead and as a sort of inferior divinities. The maker of the world is called by the Tahitians Taaroa, which seems to be only a dialectic modification of Tangaloa, the name of the Tongan god, who fished up the islands from the sea. Taaroa is sometimes said to have worked so hard in making the land that his perspiration ran down in salt streams and formed the sea. But he is by others believed to have descended like Jupiter the Æther, and to have rendered the earth pregnant, whence the heavenly bodies and all visible objects had their commencement of existence, as well as Tii and Operoa, a son and daughter, who were the ancestors of the human race."

The notion of a universal deluge is well known throughout Oceania, — as in every other part of the world.

"Like most other nations, they have their tradition of an universal deluge. In the principal facts these traditions are the same in the different groups of islands, but they differ in the several particulars. The Tahitian story is, that Taaroa, being angry with men on account of their disobedience, overturned the world into the sea, excepting a few projecting points, or *aurus*, which constituted the present cluster of islands. The tradition among the inhabitants of Eimeo is that after the flood a man landed from a canoe near Tiataepua, in their island, and built an altar, or *maræ*, in honor of his god. The tradition in the Leeward Islands is much the same with that of Raiatea. Soon after the peopling of the world by the descendants of Taata, *Ruahatu*, the Neptune of the South Sea Islanders, was reposing in his coralline groves in the depths of the ocean. A fisherman, regardless of the *tabu* and sacredness of the place, lowered his hooks, which became entangled in the hair of the sleeping god. For a long time he strove in vain to draw them up again; and at last the god, roused from his slumbers, appeared at the surface, upbraided him for his impiety, and declared that the land should be destroyed for the sin. The affrighted fisherman implored forgiveness, and Ruahatu, moved by his prayers, directed him to proceed with his wife and child to a small island called Toamarama, which is situated within the reefs on the eastern side of Raiatea, where he might find a safe refuge. The man obeyed, and took with him to the place appointed, not only his wife and child, but, as some say, a friend also, and a dog, pig, and a pair of fowls. They reached the refuge before the close of the day, when the waters began to rise, drove the inhabitants of the shores from their dwellings, and gradually increased, till in the morning only the tops of the mountains appeared: these were afterwards covered, and all the people perished. When

Of the fact here asserted we have lately seen many illustrations — and none more remarkable than that afforded by Howse's 'Grammar of the Cree Language.' How it is that some languages have inflections without end (as many as twenty-seven cases of nouns and conjugational terminations *ad infinitum*), while others have none at all, — is a curious question: yet such is the fact in Oceania. On the other hand, those of continental America, as we have just seen, are complex — so elaborately formed as to exceed the elaboration of the most artificial of the Asiatic. An example will make this strange fact more intelligible. —

"The Lenni Lenape express by one word, and that not a very long one, the phrase, 'come with the canoe and take us across the river.' The word is *nadholineen*. The first syllable, *nad*, is derived from the word *naten*, 'to fetch'; the second, *hol*, is put for *amochol*, a boat or canoe; *ineen* is the verbal termination meaning us, as in *millineen*, 'give us.' The simple ideas expressed by these fragments of words are, *fetch — in canoe — us*; but its usual acceptation is, 'come and fetch us across the river with a canoe.' The verb thus formed is conjugated through all the moods and tenses, which are in the Delaware language very numerous and complicated. Thus *nadholavall* is the form of the third person singular, indicative mood, in the

present tense and passive voice: it means, 'he is fetched over the river in a canoe.'"

Characteristics so clearly belonging to one great family of languages seem to indicate an original identity of race. Yet we must hesitate in adopting this natural conclusion when we consider that languages thus grammatically affiliated are extremely divergent as to the roots themselves. How is it that this identity of artificial forms is co-existent with the widest possible difference in the words, and the signification of words? The more we inquire, the more we shall be puzzled to explain. The same anomaly, however, is strikingly observable in the languages of Asia, — from the elaborate Sanscrit to the simple and monosyllabic Chinese. Probably, it never will be explained by known laws; but must be referred to distinctive peculiarities existing long anterior to the establishment of all social communities. Be this as it may, the knowledge of the fact is likely to be as useful as the fact is curious. It determines *to a certain extent* (the precise extent has yet to be discovered) the affinity of nations — or, we should rather say, families of nations — formerly thought to be separated from one another as widely as the poles. — *Athenæum*.

## PADDIANA.

*Paddiana; or, Scraps and Sketches of Irish Life, Present and Past.* By the Author of "A Hot-Water Cure." 2 vols. 12mo. London. 1847.

People seem at this time rather weary of Irish questions, great and small — and of books about Ireland — whether blue folios, "presented to both Houses of Parliament," or duodecimos artistically arranged on Mr. Ebers's counter, or pamphlets hawked by unmixed Caucasians at every pork-pie station on the railway. We must, therefore, beg to inform our readers, that, if they suffer a natural prejudice to stand between them and 'Paddiana,' they will be doing themselves an unkindness. This book is a rarity. It overflows with humor, yet is unstained by vulgarity; and though we strongly suspect the author to have a heart, there is neither rant nor whine in his composition. Sterling humor implies sagacity, and, therefore, every really humorous book must be suggestive of serious thought and reflection; — no matter what the subject or the form, the masculine element will pervade what it underlies and sustains. It is so here; but we

have no particular turn for the critical chemistry that tortures a crumb of medicine from a pail of spring-water. We shall endeavour to give some notion of the writer's quality, and trust whoever will read the book through to draw economical and political conclusions of his own. Our humble object and agreeable duty is to pay our homage to a pen of genuine ability. A former production mentioned in the title-page never happened to fall in our way, and we have no knowledge whatever of the author except what we gather from internal evidence — to wit, that he is a military man of some standing — an old soldier of the Duke's — that he is not an Irishman — that he frolicked and flirted away some of his youth in Ireland — and that he has also spent several years there in the more sobered temper of middle age. There are few among our regimental officers who have not seen a good deal of Irish life, and we have been obliged to several of them before now for amusing sketches of it — but this is not an observer of the common file, and the light cunning of his hand equals the keenness of his eye. He is (as he



says of one of his heroes) "a man of the world and a gentleman" — and of course there is no finery about him. We doubt if his two volumes contain a single allusion to "the aristocracy" — certainly neither lord nor lady figures among his *dramatis personæ*. No lofty quizzing of "the middle classes" — none of that sublime merriment over the domestic arrangements of "cits" or "squireens," which sits so gracefully on scribes admitted to contemplate occasionally a marchioness's "dancing tea" — perhaps even a duke's omnigatherum Saturday dinner — because they may have penned a sonnet for her ladyship's picture in the 'Book of Beauty,' or his grace has been told that they chatter and pun, entertain drowsy dowagers, break the dead silences, and "help a thing off." Nothing of that minute laborious dissection of the details of ordinary people's absurd attempts at hospitality, sociality, carpet-hops, and picnics, which must, it is supposed, be so very gratifying to those who are clothed in purple and fare sumptuously every day — affording such a dignified pause of comfort amid their melancholy habitual reflections on the progress of "the democratic principle," the improvement of third-class carriages, and the opening of Hampton Court. Nothing, on the other hand, of that fawning on "the masses" which, long confined to Radical newspapers and the melodrama of the suburbs, has of late been the chief characteristic of half the "light literature" in vogue — the endless number-novels especially, in which all the lower features of Dickens and Thackeray are caricatured — without the least relief of sense or of fun, — the swarming literature of our "gents." If it were only that here is a book of social sketches unpolluted by adulation of high life or of low, painting people in their natural colors and attitudes — the good, the bad, and the indifferent distributed as they are in the world — we should be well justified in calling attention to 'Paddiana.' But such a book about Ireland is doubly rare and doubly welcome. We are not aware that we have had any such since Miss Edgeworth laid by her pen — and, unfortunately for men, women, and children, that was not yesterday. There has been abundance of bold grouping, and a superabundance of clever drawing — but the whole seldom, if ever, toned and harmonized by the independence and candor of good sense and good breeding, which are as essential to the permanent success of a novelist as *atmosphere* is to that of a landscape-painter. There has been vigorous romance, striking fragments of it at least, and a most bewildering prodigality of buffoonery — but the serious generally smeared over with a black varnish of fierce angry passion, and the grotesque unpene-

trated by the underplay of ever-genial Pantagruelism.

We wish to recommend a book of amusement, and therefore our extracts shall be liberal; but we do not mean to interfere with the interest of the author's stories. It will satisfy us to take specimens of description that may be produced without damage to the enjoyment of his skill in constructing and working out a plot. To begin at the beginning — here are some fragments of the chapter in which he depicts his first voyage from Liverpool to the bay of Dublin. This was before the era of steamboats, so the Waterloo medal could have lost little of its original brightness; but, excepting the new power and the cabin accommodations, the whole chapter, we believe, would apply as well to 1847: —

"On the pier above stood some hundreds of Irish reapers, uniformly dressed in grey frieze coats, corduroy breeches unbuttoned at the knee, and without neckerchiefs; carrying their sickles wrapped in straw slung over the shoulder — and every one with a large long blackthorn stick in his hand, the knob of the stick being on the ground, contrary to the usage of all other people, and the small end held in the hand. As the vessel was preparing to cast off, a stream of these people began to pour down the ladder to the deck of our little craft, till the whole forepart and subsequently the waist were completely choked up with them. Still they kept descending, till the cabin-passengers were driven to the extreme after-part, alongside the tiller; but yet the stream flowed on, till not only the fore-cabin but every available portion of the deck was crammed with a dense mass of human beings — we of the state-cabin forming the small tail of the crowd.

"How the vessel was to be worked in this state it was difficult to conjecture, and I heartily wished myself out of it. Indeed, I mentioned something of an intention of forfeiting my passage-money and taking the next packet, but was dissuaded by the captain, who assured me I should have to wait perhaps a month before all the reapers returned. 'Sure, we'll shake in our places by and by,' said he; 'they'll be quiet enough when they're out of the river: it's then we'll pack 'em like herrings, and pickle 'em too. But I believe we won't take any more. Hold hard there, boys; we've no room for ye. Stop that fellow with the hole in his breeches; — no, not him, th' other with the big hole, — sure, we can't take ye. — Starboard your helm; aisy, don't jam the passengers — haul aft the jib-sheet.' And in another minute we were bowling down the river with a powerful ebb-tide, and the wind dead against us.

"If the reader has ever passed over London Bridge on Easter Monday or Tuesday, and happened to notice the Greenwich steamers going down the river, he will be able to form some idea of the state of our decks as to number of passengers, substituting in his mind's eye for

the black and blue coats, the glaring satin waistcoats, the awful stocks, the pink and blue ribands, and gay silks of the holiday Cockneys, the unvaried grey of the Irish cargo; and imagining the majority of mouths on board to be ornamented with the 'doodeen,' instead of the cheroot, or clay, or full-flavored Cuba, or labelled Lopez.

"The captain was right as regarded our passengers settling down into their places: before the first tack was made a great proportion of them were reposing in heaps under the bulwarks and the boat, and a little moving room afforded to the crew. Most of the reapers had been walking all day, and were happy enough in composing themselves to sleep.

"About eight o'clock our jolly skipper invited the cabin passengers to supper and a glass of grog, and we stowed ourselves as we best could in the little cabin, though not half the number could get a seat at the table, the remainder bestowing themselves upon carpet bags and portmanteaus about the floor, each with his plate on his knees, and his tumbler beside him. The supper was composed of bread and butter and hot potatoes, and followed by whiskey punch, which I tasted then for the first time, and glorious liquor I thought it. As it was my introduction to that beverage, the honest skipper undertook to mix it himself for me, adding, however, a trifle of water to the just proportions, in consideration of my youth and inexperience.

"Notwithstanding the seduction of the beverage, I was soon fain to quit the insufferably close cabin, and return to the deck. The wind had nearly died away; it was a cloudy sultry night, and a low growl of thunder came occasionally out of the dark masses to the westward. About ten o'clock we were standing well out to sea, with a freshening wind coming round fair, and I began to think of turning in for the night. What, however, was my surprise on going below to find nearly all the dozen passengers stowed away in the six berths, my own peculiar property not excepted, in which were two huge black-whiskered fellows snoring with up-turned noses, while a third was standing in shirt and drawers by the bedside, meditating how he might best insinuate his own person between them! On appealing to the captain I got little consolation: he looked placidly at the sleepers, and shook his head. 'Faith, ye're better out o' this,' said he; 'sure there is no keeping a berth from such fellows as them. That's O'Byrne: it's from the O'Byrnes of the Mountains he comes, and they're a hard set to deal with. It will blow fresh presently, and a fine state they'll be in. Get your big coat, and I've a pea-jacket for you. You're better on deck. Faugh! I'd hardly stand this cabin myself, much as I'm used to it.' By this time I began to partake largely in the skipper's disgust, and was glad to make my escape.

"I have never seen anything equal to those thirty-six hours. Let the traveller of the present day bless his stars that he is living in the age of steam by land and water, and mahogany panels, and mirrors, and easy sofas, and attentive stewards, and plenty of basins, and certain passages,

of a few hours' duration. — Towards the afternoon of the second day all hands began to feel hungry — the more so as the wind had lulled a little: and accordingly the greater part of the evening was spent in cooking potatoes, with a sea-stock of which every deck passenger had come provided. It was not a very easy thing for about two hundred people to cook each his separate mess at one time and at one fireplace; but they tried to do it, and great was the wrangling in consequence. Sundry small fights occurred, but they were too hungry to thing of gratifying their propensities that way, and the quarrels were disposed of summarily; but towards the close of the day, when they were more at leisure, and had time to look about them, a cause of quarrel was discovered between two rival factions, whether Connaught and Munster, or Connaught and Leinster, I forget, but it was quite enough of a quarrel to produce a fight. It commenced with talk, then came a hustling in the centre, then the sticks began to rise above the mass, and finally, such a whacking upon heads and shoulders, such a screeching, and tearing, and jumping, and hallooing ensued, as till that time I had never witnessed. The row commenced forward among some twenty or thirty in the bows, and gradually extended aft as others got up from the deck to join in it, or came pouring up from the fore-cabin. In a few minutes the whole deck from head to stern was covered by a wild mob, fighting without aim or object, as it appeared, except that every individual seemed to be trying his utmost to get down every other individual, and when down to stamp him to death.

"At the first appearance of the 'shindy' the captain went amongst them to try and stop it; but finding his pacific efforts of no avail, he quietly walked up the rigging, and from a safe elevation on the shrouds, he was calmly looking down upon the scene below. With great difficulty, and not without an awkward thump or two, I contrived to follow his example, and took up a position alongside of him. The crew were already either in the top or out upon the bowsprit; and even the man at the helm at last abandoned the tiller, and, getting over the side, contrived to crawl by the chains till he reached the shrouds, and so escaped aloft. At the time the row broke out the vessel was lying her course with the wind a point or two free. When the man left the helm she came of course head to wind, and the mainsail jibbing swept the boom across the deck, flooring every body abaft the mast. Hardly were they on their legs again before the boom came back with still greater force, and swept them down in the opposite direction. If it had not been for the imminent risk of many being carried overboard, it would have been highly amusing to witness the traversing of the boom backwards and forwards, and the consequent prostration of forty or fifty people every minute. Notwithstanding the interruption they still continued fighting, and stamping, and screeching on; and even some who were actually forced over the side still kept hitting



and roaring as they hung by the boom, till the next lurch brought them on deck again. I really believe that, in their confusion, they were not aware by what agency they were so frequently brought down, but attributed it, somehow or other, to their neighbours right and left, and therefore did all in their power to hit them down in return.

"Meanwhile the jolly skipper looked down from his safe eminence, with about as much indifference as Quasimodo showed to the efforts of the Deacon while he hung by the spout. He rather enjoyed it, and trusted to time and the boom—as the head pacificator—to set things to rights. He was not wrong: a lull came at last, and there was more talking than hitting. Taking advantage of a favorable moment, he called out, Well, boys, I wonder how we'll get to Dublin this way. Will ye plaze to tell me how I'll make the Hill o' Howth before night? Perhaps ye think we'll get on the faster for bathing, like Barney's jackass? I hope the praties will hold out; but, at any rate, we'll have no water to boil them in after to-morrow. Better for me to hang out a turf, and say, Dry lodging for decent people."—vol. i., p. 15.

What with the eloquence of this "vir pietate gravis," and a gallon or two of whiskey from the Saxon passenger, who, by taking refuge on the rigging, had become legally liable to a claim for *footing*, this formidable *shindy* was at last got under; and during the rest of the passage all was brotherly kindness, and pasting and buttering of the cracks, and contusions, about each other's intellectual and moral developments. Shakspeare never invented an opening scene that set the chief *dramatis personæ* before the pit in a more satisfactory fashion. The reader, like our young soldier (now, we hope, a Major at the least), is ready for landing at *Dunleary*—since, in honor of that "good Brunswicker," George IV., denominated by Paddy acclamation, at the late Mr. O'Connell's prompting, *Kings-town*.

There are some excellent little sketches of private life, and garrison larking in Dublin; but the subaltern on Irish duty spends but a small proportion of his time in either that or any other well-built city. On first landing, be it at the capital, at Cork, or at Belfast, the corps are all together; and the troubles of the day or the night, whatever they may be, are compensated by the hearty hospitality of the natives, or at any rate by the easy jollity of the well-peopled mess-room. But soon the head-quarters are transferred to some petty town in the interior, and three fourths of the regiment, perhaps, billeted throughout the villages of a large disturbed county or barony; seldom more than two officers together—and always several of the juniors dominating over very small detachments—each gentleman condemned to utter solitude at every

meal, unless when by chance there is some considerable squire or clergyman of the Established Church in his immediate neighbourhood. No one who has travelled through Ireland but must have often been moved to pity at the apparition of the poor stripling in his foraging cap, and tight surtout, lounging desolately on the bridge, cigar in mouth of course, or disturbed in the laborious flute practice of his little, dim, companionless parlor, by the arrival of the coach at the inn-door. Of late we all know, or may pretty well guess, what very serious and harassing business has occupied sufficiently the quondam leisure of these forlorn epaulettes. In the earlier days of our author's experience, nightly still-hunting came occasionally—nightly Whiteboy-hunting not rarely combined with it; but unless for such interludes in the way of duty, with now and then a bachelor landlord's festivity in some ruinous tower among the bogs, or the grand scene of a fair or a race, with its inevitable row and necessary attendance of "the army," a more wearisome, objectless, diversionless, humdrum dreariness of existence could hardly have been pictured by a fanciful deviser of secondary punishments. No wonder that the rare interruptions of the dulness should find an eager welcome, and after the lapse even of many years, as in this case, be chronicled with the life-like accuracy of memorial gusto.

We have been well entertained as to the great business of head-breaking—let us indulge ourselves in a little more on that subject from one of the later chapters:—

"An Irishman may be called *par excellence* the bone-breaker amongst men, the *homo ossifragus* of the human family; and in the indulgence of this, their natural propensity, there is a total and systematic disregard of fair play; there is no such thing known whether at a race or a fight. Let an unfortunate stranger—a man not known in the town or village—get into a scrape, and the whole population are ready to fall upon him, right or wrong, and beat him to the ground; when his life depends upon the strength of his skull, or the interference of the police. There is no ring, no scratch, no bottle-holder. To set a man upon his legs after a fall is a weakness never thought of—"Faith, we were hard set to get him down, and why should we let him up again?"—"Sure, it's a Moynehan!" was repeated by fifty voices in a row at Killarney, where all who could come near enough were employed in hitting, with their long blackthorn sticks, at an unfortunate wretch lying prostrate and disabled amongst them. Fortunately, the eagerness of his enemies proved the salvation of the man, for they crowded so furiously together that their blows scarcely ever reached their intended victim. It was ridiculous to see the wild way in which they hit one another; but so infuriated were they that no

heed was taken of the blows, or, probably, in their confusion the hurts were ascribed to the agency of the man on the ground. It was no uncommon thing to see columns, of many hundred strong, march into Killarney from opposite points, for the sole purpose of fighting, on a market-day. Why they fought nobody could tell—they did not know themselves; but the quarrel was a very pretty quarrel, and no people in the best of causes could go to work more heartily. The screams, and yells, and savage fury, would have done credit to an onslaught of Blackfeet or New Zealanders, whilst the dancing madness was peculiarly their own. But in spite of the vocal efforts of the combatants, and the constant accompaniment of the sticks, you could hear the dull *thud* which told when a blackthorn fell upon an undefended skull.”—vol. i., p. 223.

Even wilder were the scenes at the races near *Clonakilty*—the very name is redolent of row—where there were no rival factions whatever, unless those originating in the grand old principle of living across the book, or in national politics, as mixed up (*mirabile dictu*) with horse-flesh:—

“Painfully ludicrous to see a man rush from a tent, flourishing his stick, dancing about, and screaming ‘High for Cloney!’ He is speedily accommodated with a man who objects to the exaltation of Cloney, and pronounces a ‘High’ for some other place. A scuffle ensues, and many hard blows given and taken by those who know nothing of the cause of the row. But in this case the fight is soon over. The women rush in, in spite of the blackthorns—tender Irish epithets are lavished—every man finds himself encircled with, at least, one pair of fair but powerful arms; dishevelled hair is flying, pretty faces in tears, caps awry, handkerchiefs disarranged. Pat is a softhearted fellow—he can’t stand it at all—they still squeeze him close; so he lowers his stick, and is led away captive to some distant booth, where in a few minutes more he is ‘on the floore’ in a jig, as if nothing had happened.

“The jockey who rides against a popular horse undertakes a service of some danger, for there are no means, however unfair, which they will not adopt to cause him to lose the race. They will hustle him—throw sticks and hats in his way, in the hope of throwing over horse and rider. I had once an opportunity of seeing a little summary justice done. The rider of a steeple-chase was struck heavily by some of the mob as he rode over a fence, and the circumstance reported to the priest, who properly required that the offender should be pointed out to him. His reverence was a hearty, powerful fellow, mounted on a strong horse, who, report said, was much given to run away with his master on hunting-days, and could seldom be pulled up till the fox was killed. Riding calmly up to the offender, he inquired if the report were true, and, taking the sulky shuffling of his parishioner

as an affirmative, he proceeded to lash him heartily over the head and shoulders with a heavy hunting-whip. The culprit writhed and roared in vain; his reverence, warming with the exercise, laid on thicker and faster, now whacking him heavily with handle and lash together, then double-thonging him upon the salient points as he wriggled and twisted; and when the man bounded for a moment, as he thought out of reach, he was caught with such an accurate and stinging cast of the whip-cord under the ear, as argued in the worthy pastor a keen eye for throwing a line. At last he fairly bolted, trying to dodge the priest amongst the crowd, but his reverence had a fine hand on his well-broken horse, besides a pair of sharp hunting-spurs over the black boots, and was up with him in a moment. Accustomed as one is to the delays and evasions of courts in this our artificial state, it was positively delicious to witness such a piece of hearty, prompt, unquibbling justice.

“But when the popular horse wins, then, indeed, the scene is fine. No sooner did a certain chestnut get ahead of the rest, than there arose a cry from ten thousand people, of ‘The Doctor’s harse! the foxey harse! the Doctor’s harse!’ accompanied by such a rush as fairly swept the winner off the course towards the weighing-stand; and when, after the weighing, the favorite was walked to a distant part of the ground, he was accompanied by the same thousands, shouting, ‘The Doctor’s harse! the fancy harse!’ Never, except on this occasion, have I seen five hundred persons trying to rub down one horse at one time, with ten times that number anxious to assist, and only prevented by the evident impossibility of getting near enough. Hats, handkerchiefs, coats, handfuls of grass—all were in requisition, whilst the vast mass of excited people roared, screeched, vociferated the endless virtues of the horse and master, though probably not one in a hundred knew any thing of either, only that the horse opposed to him was owned by an anti-repealer.”—vol. i., p. 228.

This is good—but there is a love of head-breaking in the abstract,—in the total absence of even a pretence of parish or party feud.

He is again on a race-course:—

“I was walking among the long drinking-tents or booths, which occupied a considerable portion of the central part of the ground, round which the course was marked out. In one of the large tents filled with people, the floor being occupied by jig-dancers, and the rest of the company disposed of on benches all round, these, being close to the canvas walls, showed to the spectators outside the bulging indications of heads, shoulders, elbows, &c. One leaned more backward than the rest, and his head protruded beyond the others. A man who happened to be passing eyed the tempting occiput, and paused. He was provided with a tremendous ‘alpeen.’ He looked again at the head—a destructive feeling was evidently rising within him. He raised the stick a bit: surely he is not going to hit the man! No; he puts the stick under his left arm,



and rubs his hands. He smiles; some happy thought has crossed him. Suddenly he looks upwards to the sky, with an expression of wild joy—wheels quietly round—makes a short prance of three steps—utters a screech—whips the stick from under his arm, and giving it a flourish in the air, brings down the heavy knob with all its force upon the skull protruding from the canvas—whack! The heavy sound was awful: surely no human bones could stand this?—the man must be killed! Meantime the skull breaker dances about, screaming and flourishing the stick. A hubbub of noises arose from the interior of the booth, and men and women poured out tumultuously together. As the crowd thickened, so did the confusion as to the identity of the offender; and in a few minutes it became a wild hubbub, fighting together without aim or object.

"Now, this might have been his father, brother—nay, his mother or sister. What cared he?—there was a head to break, and the opportunity was not to be neglected. On entering the tent to see after the dead man, I found only the piper and the proprietors of the booth, calmly awaiting the return of their customers."—vol. i., p. 230.

The *alpeen*, we understand, is less in fashion now than it used to be. The rage has been of late years for the heavy stone in the foot of a long worsted stocking. This is portable, and puzzles the police; and in reference to a monster meeting, the priest can safely attest that his parishioners attended unarmed: "he did not see one blackthorn"—not he.

One very good chapter sets before us something of the life of our literary subaltern, when at an outpost of the better order—that is, where there was an elder officer as well. The younger spark has gone for a day's grouse-shooting in the bog of Allen—the senior meanwhile was to keep all right at head-quarters. It was a glorious September day, and the sporting Lieutenant encountered an adventure which he narrates capitally; and as part thereof listened to a love-story—for which he must not be held responsible more than Herodotus is when he diversifies his evidence in chief by a report of what some Egyptian verger or Thracian slave-dealer told him about the funds available for the Rhodopean pyramid, or the flirtations between Scythian and Amazonian videttes:—

"Choosing a dry spot, carpeted with young heather, interspersed with huge bosses of fine grey moss, while the air was scented with the delicious odor of the bog myrtle, he threw his gun and game-bag on the ground, and stretched himself along to enjoy the tranquil beauty of the scene. There are times when the spirits boil over, and our sense of happiness can only find relief in some overt act. We would give the world for a gallop, or a game at leap-frog, or the power to throw a summerset, or the license to

shout aloud; and happy are they who can train the outbreak into the semblance of music. In his ecstasy the sportsman mangled several Italian melodies of the day, ruthlessly tortured a gay little *chanson à boire*, murdered Alice Grey outright, and, still finding that the safety-valve required easing, leant his head against a tussuck, and gave with that hearty goodwill—that unmistakable *con amore* only seen in those who sing without an audience—the well-known *morceau* of Justice Woodcock:—

When I courted a lass that was froward and shy,  
I stuck to her stuff till I made her comply.

I took her so lovingly round the waist,  
And I smack'd her lips and I held her fast.

Oh! these were the joys of our dancing days.

—'Bedad you may say that!' said a voice within ten yards of him; 'that's the way I courted Kitty. If ye'd been consoled on the premises ye couldn't have tould it better!'—If a thunder-bolt, or a meteoric stone, or a man of the moon, had fallen into the bog beside the grouse-shooter, he could not have been more astonished than at this greeting: and the object from whence the voice proceeded was not of a kind to diminish his wonder. Between two large bunches, or tussucks, of the grey moss, there peered forth the good-humored face of a man about thirty, lying flat upon the bog, while the moss nearly meeting above his head, and coming down in a flowing, pear-like shape on either side of his face, gave him much the appearance of wearing a judge's wig, though the countenance showed nothing of the judge's gravity. The first impulse of the shooter was to start up and seize his gun, the second to burst out into loud laughter—

"'Faith it's true for you!' said the man, getting up and taking a seat near him; 'but how the divle ye came to know it, sorrow know I know. It's shy enough she was at first, but it's meself that stuck to her. I'll tell your honor all about it while we sit aisy here. Divle a much I cared for Lanty (that's her father). 'Let her be, says he; wait awhile, sure the heifer's young. Any how, ye'r rough in yer ways,' says he. 'Faith, Mr. Hickey,' says I, 'it's because I'm in airnest.' 'Divle a doubt of it, says he; but that's no rason why ye'd be crushing my choild wid your hugs. Any how,' says Lanty, 'I'll not consint to it yet; sure I can't spare her till we've got in the praties. So hands aff's fair play,' says he. 'Besides,' says Lanty (sure he's a cute ould chap, that one), 'where would ye take her if ye were married itself? Ye'd bury her underground, says he, in the quare place ye have down along the canal. Faith it's no place to take my daughter to, and she bred up in a slate house, and every convenience in Killbeggan. If she did consint, it's not for want of better offers at home, never fear. There's Burke of Athy says he's proud to discoorse wid her when he comes this way; and it's not a week ago, says he, that Oolahan the grocer sent me the half-gallon of Parliament; it's not long since ye did the like o' that, or even poteen itself. Faith,

says he, the laste ye could do would be to fill the keg in th' other room, and build me up a stack o' turf for the winter,' says he. 'Och, murther!' says I; 'Mr. Hickey, ye'r hard upon me,' says I, 'wid yer Burkes and yer Oolahans. Is it Oolahan?' Sure ye wouldn't marry yer daughter to an ould man like him? The divle a taste of a grandfather ever ye'd be, barrin what I'd be shamed to mention. Come, says I, Mr. Hickey, ye'll give me ye'r daughter—she's fond o' me. Clap hands upon that, says I, and I'll fill the keg with the first runnings—the raal stuff, says I; oncet ye taste it ye'll put Oolahan's Parliament in a jar, and throw stones at it. And I'll build ye the stack if ye'll wait till the turf's dhry; I've a rare lot o' the deep cutting, says I, as hard as stones."

"Well, faith, I tuck him the sperrits and the turf, but the divle a Kitty I got; and I heerd it's after they went to tay wid ould Oolahan, and made game o' me sperrits and me. Faith, thinks I, the next thing 'll be I'll have the gauger (sure he's Oolahan's brother-in-law) and th' army destroying me still, and meself in Phillipstown jail. But, any how, says I, I'll be up to ould Lanty, as cute as ye are. So when the next dark night come, I tuck some of the boys wid me, and their harses, and went to Lanty's, and soon I brought the sweet crathur outside wid a small whistle I have. 'Now,' says I, 'Kitty, sure I want to talk to ye; maybe I won't discoorse so fine as Mr. Oolahan, says I, but, any how, bring out the key o' the doore, and we'll turn it upon Mr. Hickey the whilst we're talking. Sure he might be angry if he found me wid ye unknownst, and I'd like to keep him safe,' says I. 'What's that?' says Kitty; 'sure I thought I heerd voices beyant,' says she. 'Oh, nothin, me darlint!' says I, 'but a couple o' boys goan home from the fair o' Mullingar wid their harses, and they'll stop for me till I go 'long wid 'em.'

"Well, with that Kitty goes in and slips on her cloak; and, says she, 'I'll jist step across to Biddy Fay's for the haarbes.' 'Well,' says Lanty, 'do so; and while ye'r gone I'll jist take a sup o' Oolahan's sperrits. Faith, it's great stuff,' says he, and agrees wid me better than Mike Cronin's. It's raw stuff, his,' says Lanty. (Th' ould villain, and better never came out of a still!) Well, says he, Kitty, I'm poorly to-night, and I'll take it warm; make me a tumbler of punch, says he, Kitty. Musha, bad luck to me, says he, but I'd rather see ye married to a steady man, that's got a license to sell good sperrits, like Oolahan, than any one, barrin a distiller itself, and that would be looking rather high, says he, for they're mostly of the quality, them sort. Anyhow,' says Lanty, stirring the punch, while Kitty was houlding the doore ready to come—'Anyhow, Kitty, says he, ye must think no more o' Mike (that's me); what'll he do for ye, says he, down in the bog? Sure his sperrits is but quare stuff; and what's the thrifle o' turf he sent?—its most the top cutting, and mighty light.' (The lying ould rap!) 'Well, go 'long wid ye, Kitty,' says he, taking a dhrink; 'go 'long to Biddy Fay's, and mind yerself,' says he; 'sure

th' officers do be smoking their segars upon the bridge, says he, and they're mighty blackguards after dark. And make haste back, for it's toired I'm getting.'

"Well, faith, at last I heerd her shut the doore; so I just stepped up and turned the kay mighty quite, and put my arm round Kitty, and tuck her away towards the harses, and says she, 'where ye goan? Can't ye coort me here?' says she; sure the people do be passing in the lane.' Well, with that I caught her up, and away wid me, hot fut, and the crathur squealed. 'Ah, can't ye stop?' says she, 'I'd die before I'd go wid ye! Sure I thought ye an honest boy, Mike. Be aisy wid me, for the honor o' God; sure I'm young as yit!' But, faith, we put her on the harse, and I held her on before me, and cut out o' that full tare; but divle such a pillalooing as Lanty made out o' the windy ye never heered! Sure we had him safe, for the windy was too small for him; but anyhow he tried it, and stuck fast, half in half out, and Pat Sheahy stopped wid him a minute to see if he'd aise himself out, but divle a taste. 'Let me out o' this,' says Lanty, most choaked. 'Be quite, Mr. Hickey,' says Pat; 'dont alarm the town. What would folks say, and see ye stuck in yer own windy? Faith, ye must be swelled with the bad sperrits ye tuck; sure Cronin's sperrits never did that for ye. Bether for ye, says he, to marry your daughter to an honest boy that does ye no harm, says he, then an ould spalpeen that blows ye out like a cow in clover. But it's getting late, says Pat, and I've far to travel; so I wish ye good night, Mr. Hickey. Well, well, says Pat, sure th' airy boat do be passing up soon after daylight, and they'll think it curious to see ye stuck that way in the wall!"

"Well, faith, he left him, half out and half in, and away wid us to the bog; and I married Kitty with the first convanience, and it's mighty happy we are, barrin the gauger (that's Oolahan's brother-in-law), that do be hunting me out for the still. Sure I expect him to-night, and th' army wid him; and faith I lay quite, watching yer honor, for I thought ye might spake to me unknownst about their coming, for ye talked a dale to yerself."—vol. i., p. 93.

The Lieutenant is by-and-by invited to the home of Mr. Cronin:—

"To the sportsman's astonishment, the canal was within a hundred yards, cut deep through the bog, some forty feet below the surface, and so completely out of sight that he had not the most distant notion of its proximity; but where the residence of his new friend was, remained still a mystery. The bog had been cut down in several levels, like steps, to the canal, but, looking up and down along its straight course, no house, or any signs of one, could be discovered. 'Sure, it is'nt every one I'd bring to me place,' said my companion, 'let alone th' army; for I know your honor right well; and sure, if ye do come in, ye'll see nothing.' On the deep steps or levels of the cutting were a great many heaps of turf piled up, apparently with a view to their



convenient shipment in the large turf-boats which carry this admirable fuel even as far as Dublin. Mr. Cronin, after pausing a minute to enjoy the wondering looks his companion cast about in search of the 'place,' commenced removing one of the heaps upon the level about midway between the surface of the bog and the canal. The stack was about five feet high, and as the upper portion was removed there appeared a hole, or door-way, in the perpendicular face of the cutting against which the heap was raised.

"When the passage became practicable, the master beckoned to his guest, and ushered him into a room of fair dimensions, in the centre of which was left standing a column of turf to support the roof, on one side of which was a hole, or window, cut down from the level above, and slightly covered with dry bushes. The walls and floor were perfectly dry and comfortable. There were sundry articles of furniture about the place, several low stools, a small table, and a rude old chest, from which last the owner produced some excellent bread and butter, a bottle of poteen whiskey, and two small glasses.

"Suddenly the host started, then listened attentively, and finally, applying his ear close to the turf-wall, commenced making gestures to remain still. After a time there could be distinctly felt a vibration of the springy ground, and it was evident, from its increase, that a party of many persons was approaching. Suddenly a word or two were spoken in a low voice, and immediately followed by the loud word of command, 'Halt, front: order arms: stand at ease.' The sportsman knew the voice well: it was that of his brother officer, and the party was the detachment to which he himself belonged. Here was a predicament! To issue forth would have been to betray his hospitable entertainer, confiscate his property, and consign him to a prison: to remain hidden in a poteen manufactory, hearing his own men outside, searching, with the revenue officer, for the very place of his concealment, and to be there discovered, would have had an awkward appearance, and, with a fidgety commanding officer, might have subjected him to a court-martial. He knew not what to do; and, as is usual in such cases, did nothing.

"Sometimes the party was moved further on; then back again, past the door; then they halted close in front: but the dry turf left no traces of footmarks, and all their attempts were baffled. Several of the large stacks of turf they removed, but our particular one escaped from its insignificance; and to have removed all would have been the work of a week. The old officer, a dry matter-of-fact Englishman, was becoming heartily sick of the adventure. He said something about being made a fool of, which Mr. Cronin doubted, muttering something to the effect that nature had been beforehand with the gauger. 'I shall not allow my men to slave here all night, pulling down and building up stacks of peat after a ten-mile march, and ten miles to return; so fall in, men, and unpile arms. Show us the place, sir, and we'll make the seizure.' (*Inside*) — 'Well

done, old boy, stick to that!' As the night advanced, the difficulty of finding the still increased, and at last the gauger was fain to give up the pursuit in despair, and the party was moved off.

"The intruder lost no time in slipping out of his hiding-place, and reached home before the party. Till a late hour that night he was edified with a full and particular account of the adventure; how they had been hoaxed, and dragged over twenty Irish miles to a place where there never was an illicit still — where there never could have been the smallest reason for suspecting the existence of one. 'I looked pretty sharp,' said the old officer, 'and I can see as far into a mill-stone as most people.'

"There was one thing the junior had to complain of, which was, that on several market-days a jar of whiskey was mysteriously left at his quarters; but he laid a trap for the bringer, and at last caught Mike Cronin in the fact, and the harmony of their acquaintance was a little disturbed by being made to take it away, under a threat of certain pains and penalties. Confound the fellow! he then sent his wife, even Kitty, so that the sportsman was obliged to compromise by accepting a bottle or two, or else shut the gates against all the grey cloaks on a market-day." — vol. i., p. 111.

We regret to say this book does not afford many clerical portraits, and still more that it affords no very agreeable ones. None at all, we think, belong to the period of the maturer officer; and we are very willing to suppose that in his youthful days he listened to exaggerated tales of the priests among his jovial acquaintance of the Orange persuasion. One episcopal sketch, however, is from his own observation:—

"A protestant will find it difficult to believe the degree of slavish reverence which is paid by the inferior Irish Catholic Clergy to those of high rank in their church. Whether such is the case in other countries I am not in a condition to say, but I was a witness of it in Ireland.

"At the house of a gentleman with whom I was intimate, and who, though a Protestant, was equally respected by all sects and classes, there was staying a Roman Catholic Bishop. This gentleman, whom I met more than once, was one of the most agreeable persons I ever encountered; indeed, it is enough to say that he was a well-educated Irish gentleman of the old school, who had resided much abroad. Many of my readers must have had the good fortune to meet such a person, and will at once understand the kind of man he was: his Irish assurance making him a perfect master of all the polite observances of life, his native humor sharpened by collision with the world, his buoyant animal spirits chastened into the happiest tone by a long admixture with the best society, and his thorough good-nature breaking out, as it were, in spite of the restraints of modern conventionalities. There was no ascetic nonsense about him; indeed, a pleasanter companion, even on a

fast-day, I never met; no downcast looks, half sly, half sheepish, which characterize the Irish priest of these days. Neither had he the blue and congested look which marks their complexions, and which I never see without feeling my benevolence moved to recommend them a prescription, if I thought there would be a chance of their taking it at my hands. My *gaillard* of a bishop had nothing of all this, though I believe him to have been at least as good a man as those who have.

"To wait upon his lordship of course came the whole neighbouring clergy, and at their first presentation it was their 'hint' to fall upon their knees and ask his blessing. Young and old, fat and slender, threw themselves on their marrow-bones before their spiritual superior, and humbled themselves in the dust before a man. Is this seemly? and what greater personal homage can they pay to the Deity? We certainly bow the knee to kings, but we don't, even to them, prostrate ourselves, in grovelling abasement, as these men did.

"Whether the bishop, a gentleman and a man of the world, did not feel a little ashamed of all this before Protestants, is not for me to say; but he was uncommonly active in picking them up before they fell, and after a while received them in a separate room." — *Ibid.*, p. 283.

For this deathbed scene of a parish priest the author does not give any authority but that of a Paddy in livery, evidently a relation of Miss Edgeworth's famous letter-writer; but take it, *valeat quantum*. Mr. Kisbey is a doctor of all-work, for whom this Paddy has no respect:—

"Father Shea was confined to the house, and the master tould me to run down to the town and inquire for him, and take him a hare, 'for,' says he, 'he's fand of hare soup, says he, and perhaps a drop will do him good.' And with that I went, and the door was open, and divle any one in it that I seen; so I walks into the kitchen, and there was Kit Flynn hating water. So I axed for Miss Biddy (that's t'house-keeper), and says Kit, says she, 'Sure she's up with the master, and Mr. Kisbey's attending him, and the codjutor's in it, [coadjutor, or curate]; so, says she, go up, Pat, for he's mighty fand of hare and the sight of it maybe 'll revive him,' says she. So with that I goes gently up stairs, and the door was open, and I walks in with a 'God save all here!' says I. 'You're kindly welcome,—come in,' says Mr. Ryan (that's the codjutor); 'come in,' says he, Mr. Finn; that's a fine hare you've got,' says he, feeling it; 'that will make a great soup, says he, for our poor friend: but I'm thinking he's most past it,' says he. And with that poor Biddy began to cry again, for I seen that her eyes were red, and it's full of trouble she was, the cratur. And I looked to the bed, and his rivrence was lying, taking no notice at all, but looking mighty flushed, and brathing hard, and Kisbey was mixing some stuff at the table in a tay-cup, and a quare face he made, sure enough. And Biddy

could n't stop crying and sobbing fit to break her heart, poor craytur! and she lifted her apron to her eyes, and faith I seen it's very stout she was. And Kisbey was moving an to the bed, stirring the stuff, and looking hard at the patient.—'Whisht, Biddy,' says Kisbey, 'you'll disturb his rivrence, and maybe it's not long he'll be spared to you; sure it's a smart faver he's got: but anyhow,' says Kisbey, 'I think this will do him, for it's a febrifewdge,' says he, 'and will rouse him in the bowels,' says Kisbey; 'and besides, there's a touch of the saline in it,' says he, stirring the cup again, and making a face; 'it's my favorite medicine,' says he, 'in a crisis.' 'Ochhone!' says poor Biddy, crying out, 'what would I do if I lost his rivrence? Ah, Mr. Kisbey, you see the state I'm in,' says she: 'it's a poor case that you can't relave him,' says she, 'wid your crisis, and he hearty o' Thursday.' 'Ah, be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says the codjutor, stipping up behind her mighty quite (sure it's him that got the parish after Shea): 'be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says he, laying the heel of his hand upon her shoulther, and his fingers came down rather far, indeed; 'be aisy, Miss Biddy,' says he, 'for by the blessing o' God, it will all be right wid him. Sure, if human manes can do it,' says he, 'Mr. Kisbey can do it; he's a man of skill,' says he, 'and his practice extensive. So keep up your heart, Biddy,' says the codjutor; but it's well to be prepared for the worst. We're frail creatures, and life's but a span,' says he, drawing her towards him, mighty kind; 'sure I feel for him,' says he, 'greatly,' pressing her bussom. And while the codjutor was offering consolation to Miss Biddy, I seen Kisbey houlding his rivrence by the nose, and trying to put the febrifewdge into him; but divle a taste he'd have of it at all, but kicked and struggled like mad. 'Ah! hould still, Mr. Shea, and take it,' says Kisbey: 'it's the cooling draught,' says he, 'that will aise you. Sure it's mighty pleasant when you get it down,' says Kisbey, forcing it an him. Faith, I did not like to see his rivrence treated so rough. 'Well, Mr. Finn,' says the codjutor, 'you'd better go down wid your hare, and give it to Kitty,' says he, 'for the soup. Maybe my poor friend will like it,' says he, 'when the draught has aised him.' But the divle any aising did Father Shea get, barrin death, for he died that night." — vol. i., p. 61.

We should be very sorry to indorse Father Shea's exit; but the gallant author is directly responsible for one death-scene in his book, and we must quote it, for no page therein throws stronger light on life in Ireland:—

"I have seen many executions, civil and military, in various countries, including the beheading of Fieschi and his associates, and I never saw a man come forth to be put to death who did not appear already more dead than alive, excepting one criminal at Naas. He had murdered his wife, and the fact was proved undeniably. He came out with a placid smile and a



healthy complexion, and, I fancied, familiarly acknowledged some acquaintances in the crowd. Perhaps he was nerved with the hope of relieve, — an expectation certainly indulged in by the priest who attended him, and whose cold, and as it appeared irreverent praying, extended to full twenty minutes. It was dreadful to see a man stand smiling and nodding on the very brink of the grave, and the more so as again and again he calmly asserted his innocence of the crime for which he was about to suffer, though he admitted that he had been a murderer before. That such examples, I fear, are of little use, may be inferred from the fact of how readily the spectators are moved to joke and laugh at any ludicrous occurrence, even at the most solemn moment. In this case the priest had inadvertently placed himself beside the man upon the drop itself, just previous to the bolt being drawn and was there loudly praying. Recalled by some circumstance to a sense of his situation, he jumped nimbly back to the standing grating without pausing in the prayer, and then, holding firmly by the railing, extended his other hand to prevent the prisoner following his example. There was an audible laugh at the priest's agility, in which I have no doubt the man about to be turned off would have joined, if he had not been blindfolded with the nightcap." — vol. ii., p. 8.

We are now well aware that a Paddy will allow himself to die of sheer starvation, although all the while he has half a dozen gold sovereigns sewed up in his neckerchief. The following detail of some of his idiosyncrasies as to the choice and selection of viands, the constancy of his affection for the potatoe, and his irreclaimable prejudice against articles more familiar to him and more acceptable to people in general than maize, will no longer therefore excite so much wonder in our readers as the original discovery of the facts did in the enlightened author of "Paddiana." The chapter is entitled "Of the Potatoe : —"

"Sailing in a little yacht on the south-eastern coast of Ireland, and having with me a young fisherman from Youghal, a sudden north-west gale arose and blew us off the coast. For some hours it was impossible to carry sail at all, so violent were the squalls that came off that iron-bound coast; and there seemed every probability of our bringing up somewhere on the Welsh coast should the gale continue, and our boat weather the short, heavy seas, which rose higher and more dangerous as we left the land. Fortunately towards evening the wind lulled, and we were able, under a close-reefed mainsail, to stagger back towards the coast, shaping our course with many weary tacks for Ardmore Bay, at the rocky, southern side of which we arrived in thick darkness, the black outline of the cliffs being only recognized against the equally black sky by their immovable position amongst the driving clouds. Relying upon the

conning of the trusty Mike, we stood into the bay, and finally dropped anchor abreast of the village and under shelter of the cliffs. Of food we had a lump of hard mouldy bread, left forgotten from some former trip: but there was a keg of fresh water, a cooking apparatus, and good store of sea-birds killed before the gale came on.

To make a fire, skin and prepare the birds for stewing, we busily addressed ourselves. And let not the fastidious reader imagine that such a mess is a mere unpalatable make-shift: sea-birds produce a rich and savory soup, little, if at all, inferior to hare-soup, especially if after skinning they are allowed to soak for some hours in cold water.

Each time that the lid of our kettle was removed arose a more grateful fragrance from the simmering fluid, till about midnight a supper was ready that an alderman might not have disdained, let alone two hungry men fasting since an early breakfast, and who had been working hard in the wet for nine or ten hours. As president of the mess, I made an equitable division of the fare, and, handing Michael his portion, fell furiously upon the Guillemot soup. Anything more exquisite to my taste on that occasion I never encountered; but, behold! the trusty Mike stirred not, neither did he lift up his spoon. He would not touch it! 'Faith, I never see any one ate them things at all!' But you have nothing else, man, except that mouldy crust! 'Faith, I would n't eat it at all!' Is it fast-day? 'No!' Come, nonsense! try a puffin — or this cormorant you'll find exceedingly juicy and tender. No? Perhaps you are not hungry? 'Faith, it's meself that is, then. Sorrow bid I had to-day!' Would you like a kettlefull of Connaught lumpers well boiled? 'Be my sowl I would!' (With much energy.) Suffering from the heat with their coats unbuttoned? 'Just so!' But as you have n't got the praties, try a bit of willock? 'Ogh! I would n't taste it at all! I'd be sick!' — So he munched in preference the mouldy bread. But I have to record another peculiarity in the trusty Michael's taste.

"The next morning a boat came off and took us ashore, and we steered at once for the best cabin in the place — bad enough it was, but bearing on the whitewashed wall the encouraging hieroglyphic of a bottle and glass, and above the doorway this inscription, contrived ingeniously to fit the space, and reading somewhat like a rude rhyme:

BEAMISH and CRAWFORD'S PO  
RTER Licensed for SPIRITS and to  
BACCO.

Here the Saxon called for eggs and bacon — it is unnecessary to mention the order of the Celt. But the bacon was not to be procured in the village, and a boy despatched to a house 'convenient' did not return till the Celtic breakfast was heaped upon the board. In vain did the Saxon call upon him to stop — to pause — not to throw away so glorious an appetite upon a

peck of tubers—at least to keep a corner for the bacon. But Mike was mounted on an irresistible hobby, and, like the Lady Baussière, he ‘rode on.’ Well, hold hard before you go into your second peck—see, here’s a rasher ready! ‘No!’ What! you do n’t like bacon? ‘Faith, I dunnow!’ Not know if you like bacon? ‘Sure, I never tasted the like!’ He had never tasted bacon! He, an Irishman, of the age of twenty—who had been brought up with pigs from earliest infancy—whose ears, probably, received a grunt before all other sounds—whose infant head had been pillowed upon living chitterlings, and whose earliest plaything was souse—who had bestridden chines and griskins before he could walk, and toddled through boyhood with pettitoes—nay, who could not, at the present hour, when at home, put forth hand or foot without touching ham or flitch; and yet he had never tasted bacon! nor wished to taste it!!

“Poor creatures! no wonder we can do nothing for them. What hope is there for a man who, half starved, will yet dine upon a boiled potatoe, nay, go without even that, rather than try a new dish? who will sell a young pig weighing ten pounds for ten pence to lay out in potatoes, in preference to eating the pig?”—vol. ii., p. 124.

If the following fact be new to our author, he will not be sorry to have it. We give it on the most unquestionable authority. When the late “Famine” was at its worst in Connemara, the sea off the coast there teemed with turbot to such an extent that the laziest of fishermen could not help catching them in thousands; but the common people would not touch them, because, we suppose, there were no potatoes to eat with them—for we can hardly imagine that the objection was the more civilized one of lack of lobsters for sauce.

From the potatoe of the peasant the *Major* takes the liberty of passing to a little discourse on what is called among the orators of regimental messes the “General Question”—and we are not unwilling to be among his listeners:

“The universal example of the higher ranks throughout Ireland has gone to diffuse a love of sporting and a hatred of work. The younger brother will drag on his shabby life at the family domain, rather than make an effort to be independent by means of a profession; and as for a trade, he would call out the man who suggested such a degradation. The shopkeeper, as much as he can, shuffles out of the business, and leaves it to his wife, while he is either indulging his half-tipsy grandeur in the back parlor, or out with the hounds. The farmer, even in harvest-time, will leave the loaded car—throw aside the business of the day—to follow the “hoont,” if the hounds come in the neighbourhood. Even a shooting sportsman is sufficient to attract them; they follow the example set them by their betters, and have had no other.

“Of course they will attend monster meetings, and listen with delight to an orator who offers to procure them, on the easiest conditions, JUSTICE FOR IRELAND—a phrase, which, in the minds of the audience, means what each most desires—a good farm, easy rents, dear selling, and cheap buying—and all to be had by Repeal! How can they refuse to go heart and hand with a gentleman who promises all this—cracks his joke with a jolly, good-humored face—praises Irish beauty, and boasts of the power of Irish limbs—irresistible in cajolery, and matchless in abuse—never confuted, or even questioned, except by some “Gutter Commissioner,” who, if he was not kicked out of the country, deserved to be!

“I am far from presuming to suggest a remedy for Irish disorders; but I am convinced that a stronger power than that afforded by our present laws, is required in so desperate a case. To wait till the age of reason dawns upon a people whose besotted ignorance is such that you cannot make them understand what is best for them, or that you are trying to benefit them, is hopeless; who have a native cunning and aptitude to defeat your schemes; who have no sense of independence, or shame of beggary; and (which is the worst feature in the case,) who are upheld in their opposition to all improvement by those in whom all their confidence is placed, who teach them that England is their great and grinding oppressor, from whom spring all their wrongs and all their misery. This is rung in their ears by all whom they are taught to look up to; their journalists, their poets, their patriots, their priests, have all the same cry,—

On our side is virtue and Erin —  
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

This is the never-ending burden of all the speeches and all the writings addressed to the Irish people. It is in vain you feed and clothe them—pay them to make their own roads—drain their own bogs—nay, sow their own land. It is quite sufficient to render the boon distrusted when it is associated with “the Saxon and guilt!” But still the lesson is, Get all you can—take every advantage—still cry for more—hate the giver but take the gift—‘cram, and blaspheme your feeder.’

“Education may do something; but when you have taught them to read, *will they be allowed to read?* Did any body ever see an Irish peasant reading in his cabin? and yet education is very general. The great difficulty is to teach them to think. This once attained, they will gradually shake off their ‘old men of the sea.’ In the mean time, our law-tinkers may meddle with their system of tenure, their poor, and their relation of landlord and tenant—for it will be hard to put them into any position more deplorable than that in which they are now.”—vol. ii., p. 132.

We offer these extracts, and earnestly recommend almost all the rest of this gentleman’s *Scraps and Sketches*, as fair materials for the



dispassionate public — if any such public there be as respects Ireland. Part of his second volume is occupied with a composition of a different class. It is, in fact, a *Review* of some late "Histories of Ireland," — among others, of Mr. Moore's; and we think Mr. Moore himself must be startled and amused to see the quiet dexterity with which facts in his book have been set in array against its drift. A man of true genius like him, tasting with such exquisite relish the picturesque of manners as well as of scenery, could not possibly do a history of Ireland, so as to meet the wishes of those Milesians who give their fellow-subjects and readers credit for any discourse of reason. He could not, we believe, go over chronicles, and annals, and letters, and despatches, and merely pick out what would serve the purposes of any one party, or faction, or sect whatever: — he must rest on the really salient points, with whatever inferences pregnant; it was not in his nature to tell the story and omit the cream. We do not give him credit for being very much in earnest in his own flourishing commentaries, and, in short, have no doubt he will smile with tolerable complacency over this gentle castigation from one in whose society, peradventure, he will feel that he would be considerably more at home than in any congregation either of Old or Young Erin. But we shall not meddle with the brother-reviewer — too happy should we have been to adopt (and abridge) the production if he had sent it to us in MS. — as it is, we can only repeat our fraternal recommendation of what all the candid will admit to be, or at least to contain the stuff of, a first-rate *article*.

Already, it may be thought, we have extracted quite enough of politics from 'Paddiana' — let us honestly tell the reason. We do not question that this book will have a run in Great Britain — but we do not believe it will be allowed to get into any circulation at all among the masses of the Irish — whereas, somehow or other, *reviews* defy to a certain extent, the sternest and strictest ban, whether of the lurking Jesuit — or the brawling priest — or the professional Agitator in Dublin. But even this was a secondary motive. We see certain continental journals crammed continually with articles on Irish matters, made up of extracts either from Whig and Radical Journals of English birth, or from the tomes of such superficial, dogmatical pedants as M. Beaumont, or such sentimental ninnies as the Vicomte d'Arincourt. Now the editors of these *Bibliothèques Européennes, Bibliothèques Universelles, &c., &c., &c.*, French, Swiss, Belgian, or German, are, we suspect, in no slight degree directed as to their choice of plunder from the English periodical press by the mere considera-

tion of what will amuse their readers; and, therefore, we have compounded this paper chiefly in the hope of its attracting their notice, and becoming, by their industrious machinery, diffused among students who do not materially swell our own or any other English list of subscribers. If we be not disappointed in our anticipations on this score, let us present one humble parting petition to our foreign free-traders. Will they do us the favor not to omit one small specimen more of an elderly and experienced English officer's serious reflections on the affairs of Ireland? *Extremum hunc concede laborem!* —

"To the great majority of us unimaginative Saxons the Irish character is a profound mystery. There is, from high to low, a want of principle amongst them. They spend without thought, and accept without shame: the old spirit of 'coshering' is still strong amongst them, and they are ready to bestow their burdens or their company upon any one who will, under any circumstances, accept the charge. Their sense of right and wrong is different from ours. A man occupying the high post of a legislator will, for factious and selfish purposes, falsify all history to make out a case; and, no doubt, will readily enough abuse any writer who may expose his nefarious practices. The gentleman who fraudulently possessed himself of his noble relative's diamonds, and pawned them, from the moment of detection loudly proclaimed himself an ill-used man — a victim to the narrow prejudices of society — and railed against its laws. The gallant officer who pocketed a valuable article of *bijouterie* belonging to a noble lord, and sold it to a jeweller, is perpetually writing for testimonials of his trustworthiness to people whom he knows to be acquainted with all the circumstances of the case; and there is not a farmer in Ireland who would blush to withhold his seed-wheat, and let his land lie fallow, if he thought there was a probability that the Government would find him seed, and till his land for him. His long-tongued orators know this, and clamor for him; and even English gentlemen will, for factious purposes, join in the cry.

"It may seem harsh to say that kindness and conciliation are thrown away upon the Irish in their present state, unless, indeed, it be accompanied by a pretty strong demonstration of power. Savages, or even half-savages, must feel the strong hand to inspire them with respect. Try the conciliatory system in the East, and not even ready money will get you on. Are the Irish civilized? Are they in a condition to be placed on the same footing as the English? Can a people be called civilized where farm-laborers work under an escort of police? where murderers are fostered, and improving landlords shot? where they harrow by the horses' tails? where ball-proof waistcoats are lucrative articles of manufacture? where they believe in O'Higgins? and up to the present moment have paid an impostor a princely income to disunite them from

their only friend? In truth, when we reflect upon the scrapes which this brave, good-humored, generous, and nose-led people have been brought into, in all ages, by their kings, their chiefs, their priests, and their patriots, we are astonished to read in Holinshed that 'There is no Irish terme for a knave.' — vol. ii., p. 266.

We suppose after what we said at the beginning it is entirely needless for us to explain that in this very clever man's diatribes he has not

the slightest intention of casting any disparagement on the virtues which, no less than powerful understanding and captivating manners, characterize in our time the great majority of the Irish gentry. He is as far above pandering to the narrow prejudices of the English bigot as of the Irish fanatic. He regards the questions at issue from an imperial, which is the same thing as to say from a philanthropic, point of view. — *Quarterly Review*.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

## MEXICO AND THE UNITED STATES.

It is impossible not to see the similarity which exists between the campaign of Napoleon against Spain, and the war which the United States are waging against Mexico. In every battle the Mexicans are defeated; one city after another falls into the hands of the Americans, and yet it is not Mexico, but America, which sighs for peace. She hoped to conquer a peace in Vera Cruz; she thought to find one at Puebla, and we are every moment expecting the news of the entrance of her armies into the Mexican capital; but in all probability peace will be as difficult to be found in the ancient Tenochtitlan, as on the fields of battle. A people with a strongly marked nationality, and, comparatively, little advanced in the arts of peace and of civilization, has this advantage, that an enemy cannot do it much harm; its armies are defeated; its cities are captured; but the populace remains firm in its obstinate nationality, and its hatred of the foreigner; and the more civilized enemy has the greatest difficulty in maintaining his conquests. The Mexican Congress chose a new President, and invested him with a power which knew only one limitation, — that he was not to conclude a peace. If we take into consideration how unprepared the United States are for distant conquests, how the institutions of the country all depend upon the self-government of the communities and separate states, we may give them credit for being able to accomplish brilliant exploits; but the permanent conquest of foreign states, which cannot easily be assimilated to their own, is a matter for which, as yet, their condition is by no means adapted. To send out pro-consuls, to maintain large bodies of troops in the foreign country, would be a monstrous absurdity; so much so that the present government, which commenced the war, is near being wrecked upon the difficulties which this position of things has created, and being compelled to make way for its opponents. And if these should be called to the helm, heaven only knows what they would

make of the business; for to leave the country, to abandon all the conquests, is almost as impossible as to remain, and to persevere in the campaign. If a party can be formed in Mexico which will yield to the Americans the country beyond the Rio Grande, then they will be victorious; but if they cannot succeed in forming such a party, they have got into a trap from which they will have difficulty in escaping.

The nation to which the progress of the United States is most detrimental, will best know how to take advantage of these embarrassments, if it has not already been instrumental in producing them. England, in order to avoid a war with the United States, has within the last few years made concessions, which, ten years ago, would have been counted impossible. She refrained from interfering in the annexation of Texas, and she made sacrifices in the Oregon question, which were scarcely to be expected. All this encouraged the United States to proceed in her westward course, and to take possession of the shores of the Pacific, from Upper California to the forty-ninth degree. And all this England suffered, although there were not wanting those, who maintained that it would have been better to have made a stand upon the Texas question, in order to stop the spread of the United States. But now it may be asked whether the English government did not judge more wisely than those, who, four years ago, were urging it to make war. Now the Americans are in Mexico, and to retreat, and to pursue the war, appear to be equally difficult. England has only to exercise her very important influence in Mexico so as to prevent the conclusion of a peace, and they will be in an almost desperate situation. The old project of creating a monarchy in Mexico may be revived, and Spanish officers may be carried over, to convert the brave, but undisciplined, Mexicans into excellent Guerilleros. England is also threatening another strong measure, namely, the occupation



of Cuba. We remember the much applauded declaration of Lord Palmerston, that the time was approaching when England would be obliged to have recourse to arms, in order to force Spain to satisfy the demands of her English creditors. During the ministerial anarchy which is prevailing in Spain, this would, at present, be impossible; but England can make it a pretext for seizing upon Cuba as a pledge; and this would add very much to her power and influence in the gulf of Mexico. It would be the same pretext which the United States made use of against

Mexico; and it is a question whether immediately after shedding so much of their blood in that war they would be ready to enter into one with England. The present position of things in Mexico deserves the attentive consideration of all statesmen. — *Das Ausland*.

NOTE. — We beg once more to remind our readers, that the Daguerreotype is of no party, and that the editors, in making their selections, are guided by no other motive than that of making their readers acquainted with the opinions and modes of thought of the nations of Europe, as they are represented in the pages of their ablest publications. — ED. DAG.

## THE COMIC ALPENSTOCK.

BY GUIDO MOUNTJOY.

### DIRECTIONS TO TOURISTS, AND REQUISITES FOR THE EXPEDITION.

YOUR first care should be to get *into* Switzerland. You may enter it either by Germany or France; Rhine it, or Rhone it, at your discretion. The approach from Germany is through the *Vallée de L'Enfer*, which will remind you that the ancient name of the country was *Helvetia*. It would seem, indeed, that either Beelzebub, Mephistopheles, or some other demon of distinction, had, time out of mind, meddled a good deal in the local affairs of the Swiss, from the number of bridges which bear the appellation of *Pont-de-Diable*, and also from the number of Alpine pinnacles, which are probably named from the satanic horns, such as the Matterhorn, Schreckhorn, Faulhorn, Netterhorn, and Wildhorn. The coolness of the country naturally recommends it to the inhabitants of torrid climes. The transition from "Alps of fire" to Alps of snow, must be prodigiously refreshing.

Saussure recommends those who are unused to Alpine excursions, to accustom themselves, for some time before they set out, to look down from heights, and over precipices, so as to familiarize their eyes with peeps into abysses, and guard against the dizziness which is apt to seize inexperienced people at fearful elevations. To act on this prudent advice, you may make a tour of visits to all the steeples and public monuments in the metropolis; you would probably be permitted to pass an hour a-day on the ball of St. Paul's, for a fair remuneration to the Dean and Chapter. At all events, there is nothing to prevent your taking an hour's exercise, every morning, on the parapet of your own house. With your knapsack on your back, and your pole in your hand, it would be a capital training for the Alps, and make you a very entertaining

subject of observation to your opposite neighbours, into the bargain.

### THE KNAPSACK.

Pedestrians usually carry knapsacks: if you are an ass, you will carry your pannier on your *own* back; if you are a sensible man, you will carry it by proxy. It makes a considerable difference in packing a knapsack, whether the tourist means to carry it himself, or make a guide carry it for him. However, practice will do a great deal for you in this respect also. You might take a preparatory excursion, fully accoutred, moustached and all, up Snow Hill, fancying it Mont Blanc; try your strength in the passes of Cheapside; or what would you think of an experimental tour in the Savoy?

### WHAT TO PUT IN IT.

One shirt at least — the more like a sailor's the better, it being the present mode for landsmen to look as like seamen as possible in that respect. If you are an Englishman, you will take soap; if a German you will dispense with it. A razor would be superfluous, as you will aim at being horribly *hirsute* on your travels, and continue very hairy even for some months after your return home. A good plan is to choose a comrade who is likely to be tolerably well provided with all the little accommodations for the toilette, such as brushes, bear's-grease, eau-de-Cologne, &c., as well as with a few pair of extra shoes and stockings. This will save you the trouble of encumbering yourself with a variety of articles, very convenient to have, but very troublesome to carry, and also very easily lost in the confusion of a start by day-break. One of the party, at least, ought to carry a looking-glass, for the looking-glasses in the bed-rooms of

the Swiss as well as the German inns, are generally hung so high, that travellers who *do* shave themselves are obliged to call for a ladder, or clamber upon their dressing tables. If you propose to *do* Mont-Blanc, or any of the great Alpine exploits, you ought to be provided with a green gauze veil, lip-salve in quantities, boxes of pectoral lozenges, a stethoscope, iron crampons for your feet, hatchets to cut the mountains down that oppose your progress, planks to throw over chasms, and ropes by which you and your guides may be attached together, so that when one falls or slips into a crevice, the rest may be sure to follow him. You ought also, on an expedition of this nature, to be furnished with writing materials; and there is a very useful little book, entitled, "Five Minutes' Advice on the Making of Wills," which I would strongly advise you to add to your other accoutrements, if you do not happen to have a lawyer in your suite or party.

I need not advise you to wear the oddest-shaped hat (any color but black) that you can procure for money. It has often struck me that the love of wearing fantastic hats is, with nine tourists out of ten, more than half their motive for going abroad. It is an innocent pleasure or pride — gratify it by all means; and I do not see why you should not wear a coat equally *outrè*, to match. Let the buttons be as big as Stilton cheeses, and the pockets innumerable. The skirts cannot be too preposterous. You ought to look picturesque, going to such a country as Switzerland. The pedestrian enjoys, in common with the painter and poet, the license "*quidlibet audendi*" — of daring any thing in the way of dress or undress.

You may meet your dearest friend in an Alpine party, and not recognize him. The lawyer exchanges his wig and gown for a straw hat and a blouse. The doctor arrays himself as a chamois-hunter, and tries to look as if he only killed game. That personage who is so very like a bandit on the Rhigi, is not very remote from one in London either, for he is an attorney of Serjeants Inn. That desperate-looking Whiskerandos, in a French casquette and Russia-duck, is a quiet curate when he is at home in Essex. But who, in the name of all that is marvellous, is that romantic figure, with a conical beaver, pistols in his belt, brandishing his pole like a battle-axe, now and then winding his horn like a mountain-chief, and brown and bearded as a field of ripe wheat? Can it be William Tell? — can it be Werner Stauffacher, or one of the immortal three of Grütli? No; by all that is outrageous, I know him now. It is Mr. Thomas Perkins of Aldermansbury!

## GUIDES.

Guides are paid in Switzerland six French francs a-day. They are bound to guide you to all manner of dangerous places for that sum; and, in general, they acquit themselves honestly of their engagement. The peculiarity of their profession is, that they are retained and rewarded, expressly, to lead people into perilous situations. They are bound to bring you into difficulties, but under no manner of obligation to bring you safe out of them. The dangers of Alpine travelling consist much more in following guides than in dispensing with them. You can hazard your neck often enough, without paying Alphonse Cassetête, or Annibal Passamonte, five shillings a-day, to assist you. However, it is the fashion to take a guide, or guides, and you will, of course, be guided by the fashion. Do so, therefore, by all means; but don't blame Guido Mountjoy, if you leave your bones on the glaciers for the lammergeyer to pick, after the wolves have dined on you. I have no objection to make to the principle which Murray lays down, that "*a guide ought not to be too far advanced in years.*" Do not go up the Jungfrau, or attempt the Furca pass, with a cicerone *past* seventy. See that he is not blind, or lame, or deaf as a post, or epileptic, or apoplectic, or far advanced in consumption or asthma. Try him with your stethoscope, and get your physician to examine him. He ought to be a stout fellow, not only to carry all the baggage that you, as a prudent, and, possibly, a scientific Rambler, will naturally insist upon taking with you, but also, upon many occasions, to carry yourself in the bargain. Mr. Craven Quartz, the geologist, traversed the greater part of Switzerland and Savoy on the shoulders of his guide, who had to carry (in addition to a hundred other things) the works of Cuvier and Agassiz, a hammer to chip the rocks, and specimens of all the Alps. Many guides refuse to accompany *geologists*, except for extraordinary remuneration. They have not the same objection to *botanists*.

Here let us quote, with cordial approval, another excellent counsel from the red book, which assures us, that "*a little civility* to the guide, on the part of his employer, will not be improper." The economy here recommended is especially to be admired. Civility, as Jonathan Wild says of mischief, is too good a thing to be wasted. A *little* will do for a Swiss mountaineer, and even that little, adds Murray, will not be laid out without a fair prospect of return. "A cigar or a glass of brandy will rarely be *thrown away*; it is likely to produce assiduity and communicativeness on the part of the guide." The latter effect is certainly likely to be produced by



the brandy. If one glass fails to produce it, the tourist may try a second.

We have called the guides *a profession*. Those of the valley of Chamouni are so, particularly, for they form a kind of guild, or fraternity, under the control of an officer appointed by the Sardinian government. They are regularly bred to their calling; *highly* educated men, and subjected to an examination, as to character and competency, before they are admitted into the corporation. These examinations are not public, and, therefore, but little is known of them to the world. I am enabled, however, to favor the reader with an abstract of one of them, held not long since, at the College of Chamouni—a vacancy having occurred in the corps:—

"What is your name?"

"Hannibal Passamonte."

"Are you descended from the great Hannibal?"

"No, from the Tête Noir."

"What are you?"

"A mountaineer."

"What do you know?"

"The Alps."

"When there are three paths to the same point, which do you take?"

"The safest when left to myself; any one of them, if well paid for it."

"When you are on the top of a mountain, which is the shortest cut down?"

"The most perpendicular."

"When there is no path, or the path is obliterated by a fall of snow, what do you follow?"

"My nose."

"When you come to an impassable object—a wall of ice, for instance,—how do you proceed?"

"I don't proceed at all."

"Can you jump crevices?"

"I can, but not with a geologist on my back."

"Are you cool in danger?"

"Cool enough, whether in danger or safety."

"When a tourist tumbles a thousand feet or so down a crevice, what do you do?"

"I leave him there."

"Can you carry ropes, ladders, bags, barometers, blankets, umbrellas, great-coats, baskets of provisions, telescopes, stethoscopes, and hand-books?"

"I can, and a rifle to shoot a chamois, or a small brass cannon for the echoes."

"Can you act as a dragoman?"

"Yes, I can drag a man up a steep place, with ropes, when the case requires it."

"I mean can you act as interpreter?—what language do you know?"

"None; but I know a dozen patois."

"Are you obliging and intelligent?"

"Extremely."

"Have you a store of anecdotes to amuse your employers?"

"Yes, two capital ones, of gentlemen who went up Mont Blanc, and never came down, and three or four travellers who went down other mountains, and never came up."

"You may pass: *dignus est intrare in nostro docto corpore*."

#### MODES OF TRAVELLING IN SWITZERLAND.

The roads in Switzerland are, in general, far from being as level as bowling-greens, particularly those across the Alps, which are so very mountainous, that it is exceedingly up-hill work to traverse them. People *who dislike mountain travelling*, but are anxious *notwithstanding*, to make a Swiss tour, should confine their ramblings to the cantons of Basle, Neuchâtel, and Soleure. These, and a few other districts, are as flat as any shire in England. You may perambulate them for months, and know as little about the Alps as the Himalayas. I cannot conscientiously disapprove of this plan, for nothing can be more comic than the notion of passing a summer in Switzerland, and never seeing an Alp. To have this to say, would make a man a greater lion in London than the ascent of Mont Blanc itself. However, you may penetrate the deepest recesses of the Alpine regions, and see very little of the scenery, or as little of it *as you please*. The Winkle family always travel by night; but the course usually adopted by our countrymen is, to make the tour *in a close carriage*; by which means it is astonishing *how little* may be seen of the beauties and sublimities of the country. If you are *Irish*, I need not recommend you to travel in a *covered car*; for you will naturally prefer that vehicle to any other in the world. A party of Young Irelanders, I am told, made the tour of Switzerland last summer in one of these genuine Hibernian conveyances. It must have been highly diverting to have seen them thrusting out their heads, turn about, to have a peep at the Staubach fall, or a glimpse of the top of the Jungfrau.

But Young Ireland is quite outdone in this respect by Young Germany. The German students (the most arrant tourists in Europe) have a *method of their own*, to avoid getting a glimpse of the natural features of whatever land they visit—they keep themselves perpetually enveloped in a *cloud of tobacco smoke*.

The easiest and pleasantest way to make a *pedestrian* tour in the Alps, is to take a diligence, a voiture, or a steamer, whenever you can. Posting has the recommendation of being the most expensive, and, in every sense of the word, the most imposing method of travelling. Murray

informs us, that "the traveller with four horses *needs not take two* postilions unless he wishes;" but he omits to add, that if he does wish, he *may take four*. The posting arrangements of the country are even more amusing than the coinage; for there is not only a different rate in every canton, but in some districts (the Grisons, for example) it varies with the nature of the road, which, of course, in such a country, is tantamount to a variation every five minutes. You see by this how prudent it is in the Puddicommes to carry their own theodolite with them, and take their own surveys.

But not only does the rate of posting vary in this diverting manner, but the *pour-boire*, or *tringeld*, to the postboy, fluctuates in the same comical way. The postilion expects the *pour-boire*, whether he is thirsty or not. You may pay it to the post-master, if you choose, but if you do, you will have to pay it over again to the postilion. Murray says that "two *zwansigers* is more than enough, and will quite satisfy him;" but this is quite apocryphal. A great many people in the world have more than enough without being quite satisfied, and the Swiss postilion is one of the number.

Distance in Switzerland is measured not by miles but by minutes—a confusion of space and time which cannot be admired too much. You ask how far it is to Berne, and you are told two hours. For consistency they ought to measure time by distance, and when asked, how long is it to dinner, answer so many leagues or furlongs. "It has been ascertained," says the red-book, "by an experienced Alpine traveller, that to clear two English miles an hour up a *steep* mountain, requires *good walking*,"—if the mountain is perpendicular—*very*.

#### BAD ROADS, AND HOW TO ACT IN SUCH CASES.

There are many good roads in Switzerland, but there are some bad ones. When you come to "a bad bit," you may follow either one or other of two courses—proceed on your journey, making the best of it; or obstinately refuse to go a step farther, and address a spirited remonstrance to the Swiss Board of Works, or the Woods and Forests, calling on them to make the necessary repairs *forthwith*. Should this appeal be neglected, there is nothing to hinder you from writing to M. Morier, the British minister at Berne; and should he fail to interpose, or interpose without effect, you may, *if you please*, dispatch an energetic letter to Lord Palmerston, with as many quotations as you choose from Puffendorf and Grotius.

#### ALPINE PASSES—OIL AND VINEGAR.

The Alps are ordinarily traversed by what are

called "passes." You may either avail yourself of the passes already existing, or cut out new ones for yourself. Hannibal's receipt for making an Alpine pass is said to have been vinegar. The philosophical tourist may put a cruet in his pocket and try the experiment. My own belief is, that sweets are much better things than sours for overcoming the impediments of life. I have known *oil* to work miracles, but never, except in Livy, heard of *vinegar* achieving any thing prodigious. Hannibal was a type of your querulous, perverse, crossgrained, grumbling travellers, who think acids the only powerful agents in moral chemistry; and I am so far from believing in their power to *remove mountains*, that I doubt very much if *new Alps* are not more likely to be *created* by their system of engineering.

#### DILIGENCES AND VOITURES.

The Swiss *Diligence* is not inferior in *elegance* to the French. Diligences are figuratively said to *run* daily between most of the large towns in Switzerland; in reality they do not travel quite so fast. The diligences are attached to the post-office; and from the rate at which some of them travel, one would suppose that the attachment was an actual one by strap and buckle. On some routes they have a diverting method of suddenly transferring passengers from one coach to another, without any discoverable reason but the absolute will and pleasure of the conductor. The fun of such a turn-out is often improved by the circumstance of its taking place in the middle of the night, when people have nothing else to do, you know, but laugh and enjoy themselves. Dull fellows, who travel with bags and portmantaus, in the singular or dual number, lose half the humor of incidents of this sort. It is only the tourist who has the *proper quantity* of luggage, who is in a position to enjoy it thoroughly.

On *voitures* and *voituriers*, who can say much, or anything new? The grave guide-books inform you that there are a great many roguish *voituriers*; and their advice is that before making engagements with them, you should consult the landlord of your inn, who, however, you are told, is just as likely to be a rogue himself. So much for the grave guide-books! Our advice is, to *take your chance*. If you are destined to have a rogue for your charioteer, you must submit to destiny. *Vogue la galere!* Keep laughing, and don't expect Roman virtue on a Swiss coach-box. The horses of a *voiturier* are of more importance than his honesty, and a bad man is not necessarily a bad whip. The presumption is rather the other way. Mr. Murray observes, not without some show of reason, that a *voiturier* ought to be *acquainted with the road* he has to travel; but it is rather hard to insist upon his being master of



French, Italian, and German, with all their dialects and combinations. Besides, if your coachman is a good linguist, you lose all the diversion arising from your own incapability of parleying with the people of the country; your ignorance is *thrown away*, and an exhaustless fund of contre-tems and cross-purposes along with it.

#### THE CHAR-A-BANC.

But the proper vehicle for a comic tourist is the national carriage of Switzerland — the *char-a-banc*. This may be described, say the authorities on these points, as the body of a gig placed sideways on four wheels, at a very little distance from the ground. It is surrounded by leather curtains, to keep out the rain on a wet day, and the scenery on a fine one. It is made to hold two persons, or three *at a pinch*, and a pinch it certainly is, when it carries a trio. In fact, the clearest idea to be got of it is by conceiving the half of an Irish jaunting-car, the most comical conveyance in the universe, as far as knowledge of the universe extends. People *who love being jolted*, prefer a char-a-banc to any other kind of carriage. Those *who do not*, prefer any other carriage to a char-a-banc. The usual charge is ten francs a-day, and there is *no additional demand for the jolting*, which is unusually modest for Switzerland. The char-a-banc is much commended in the hand-books for the facility it affords for jumping either *on* or *off* it. The readiness with which one can do the latter, is certainly the greatest advantage it possesses.

#### SWISS INNS.

Switzerland is a land of inn-keepers. The Swiss are an hotel-keeping people essentially. They trade upon tourists, and their capital in trade is the Alps. Without their scenery their inn-keepers would be insolvent. They are fond of their mountains with reason, for they make money of them. Their valleys are valleys of diamonds, and every torrent is to them a Pactolus. Switzerland would fall only for its waterfalls; and its prospects would be bleak only for its everlasting snows. The sublime and beautiful are to its inhabitants what their broadcloth and cutlery are to the people of England. Every Alp has its value in the market, and the Swiss stock-jobber regards a landslide like a fall in the funds. Many inn-keepers are wealthy men, and personages in their cantons. They are often magistrates, and, in that capacity, occasionally sit and determine appeals *against themselves* as hosts. You are cheated at the bar, and find the man by whom you have been defrauded presiding in the court to which you fly for redress. Mine host of to-day is my lord of to-morrow: an entertaining metamorphosis, the natural result

of which is *inn-justice*. The Swiss Bonifaces have the reputation of being as prolix in their bills as equity lawyers; but they are only extortionate with the English, which is, no doubt, intended to be a compliment to the superior wealth and liberality of our countrymen; at all events, it ought to be so taken. Compare the bill presented to an English gentleman (an Oxonian, for example), with that handed to a beggarly German student for precisely the same accommodation: what can be more flattering to the pride of a Briton? — a native of the country which is (or was, until the corn-laws were repealed) “the envy of surrounding nations, and the wonder of the world.”

The Swiss are so fond of the English, that in many of the inns they will resort to a variety of tricks and manœuvres for the purpose of detaining their agreeable guests. They sometimes even give their hotels English names — such as “Hotel Gibbon,” “Hotel Byron,” or “Hotel de Grande Bretagne.” They have *late table-d’hôtes* expressly for us, knowing the immense importance attached, in England, to late dinner-hours, as a distinctive characteristic of “high society.” Nay, the inn-keepers of Lucerne and Thun have actually built English chapels, and endowed ministers, to offer the highest conceivable inducement to English tourists to pass the Sunday with them. In this we are not merely to admire the pecuniary generosity of these hospitable aubergistes, but their religious liberality much more; for we must remember that the inn-keepers of Thun and Lucerne, who thus politely provide for the religious wants of Protestant travellers, are Roman Catholics themselves.

One thing very remarkable in the Swiss inns, is the passion for “*bougies*.” You don’t want them, you don’t call for them, you don’t light them; you go to bed by twilight, or by the moon, or by the mild lustre of one of those inches of candles, in small plated candlesticks, which you find in regiments in the corridor; but the bougies either follow you, or await you; they are thrust upon you like greatness on Malvolio. You are flattered; you wonder what it can mean; you begin to think it is some religious rite, or some ancient hospitable usage — still, not requiring the pair of gigantic wax-lights, you do not kindle, much less consume them. You lie down, muse and marvel until you fall asleep, and forget candles of all denominations, wax, tallow, spermaceti, composite. In the morning you are up before the sun, make a crepuscular toilette, take a precipitate breakfast, grasp your pole, halloo to your guide, throw on your blouse, and you would never think of the bougies more, were it not that when the bill is presented, you are sure to find (if you don’t pay it without in-

spection, *the best way to avoid disputes*) a reappearance on paper of the gigantic wax-lights, with some algebraic characters over against them, which the slightest acquaintance with Swiss hieroglyphics satisfies you is the national expression for two francs.

Vulgar people say that the *bougie* is a trick to swell the bill, and recommend the tourist to *resist* the charge. Despise such flint-skinning and pippin-squeezing advice. Think better of human nature. The notion of committing yourself and your country in a question of tallow against wax — of allowing your serenity to be ruffled for a matter of one and eight-pence! Think of the Alps — leave low considerations to the Low Countries. Do you travel in Switzerland to save ends of candles? Pay the bill, bougies and all

— pay it heartily and merrily, and don't lose the glorious spectacle of sunrise on the glaciers, quarrelling with a chamber-maid about a taper.

Mr. Fumbally always "resists" the bougie. He does not burn, and decidedly objects to pay for wax candles. It is a fine thing to witness Mr. Fumbally's opposition to this item of the bill. Since Hampden's resistance to ship-money there has been nothing so grand.

In those cases where the aubergistes of Switzerland *do* exhibit something like rapacity, it may be alleged, in their defence, that their tendency to *fleece* travellers is a result of their *pastoral* habits. Any explanation is better than an ill-natured one. Always travel with a flask of brandy, but never with a vinegar-cruet.

— *Dublin University Magazine.*

## FOREIGN LITERATURE.

The literary affairs of the Continent are beginning to assume a more lively and promising aspect. We have survived "the dark ages" of the last fifteen or twenty months, and are now entering apparently on another period of "*renaissance*." This time the revival of letters has commenced in France, and not, as of yore, in Italy. The gloomy night that is past has not been altogether starless, and the French historical works which we noticed six months ago have been the precursors of the dawn that is now overspreading the whole face of continental authorship. Several works of merit are now before us, and others are promised, which are likely to attract considerable attention. Among the latter we look forward with much interest to a new tragedy \* by the distinguished author of 'Arnaldo da Brescia,' far beyond all reach of rivalry the first of living Italian poets. The work has been announced in the last lists we have received as on the eve of publication, and will probably make its appearance in London about the same time as our present number. This news is the more welcome to us as coming when we least expected it. Not that we despaired of the hitherto oppressed genius of Italy; we know what wealth of thought and power of utterance lay hid in many of her mute inglorious sons, and were sure that the stirring events and ennobling emotions that now pervade the whole length and breadth of that intellectual land would soon call forth many a poet and prose writer worthy of such themes. But the

time for this literary movement is scarcely yet arrived. The Italians are now occupied in making the materials of history and poetry; the facts being first secured, their expression will follow in due time. In Rome the newly emancipated newspaper press lays claim to the exertions of every man who can help the good cause with his pen, and the excellent articles that abound in the journals afford most gratifying evidence of the progress made by the Italian mind in sound political knowledge. The newspaper is likely, for some time to come, to be the chief vehicle of thought in the peninsula, but the impulse will by-and-by extend to the more enduring forms of literature.

Another gratifying announcement is that of a forthcoming work by Professor Ranke, entitled 'Nine Books of Prussian History.\*' It is to be comprised in three volumes, the first of which is just ready; its contents are as follows:— Book I. The Rise of the Brandenburg-Prussian power. II. Foreign and Domestic Affairs of Frederic William I., from 1725 to 1732. III. Policy and Government of Frederic William, from 1732 to 1740.

Tales of village life are now much in vogue in Germany. Auerbach's success has called up a host of rivals, but not one of them approaches the sphere of that consummate master in his art. The merits of the new men are, of course, various; some of them deserve special mention for their exceeding coarseness, vulgarity, and stupidity; e. g. Josef Rank, of Bohemia.† The

\* Filippo Strozzi. Tragedia di G. B. Niccolini. Corredata d'una Vita di Filippo e di Documenti inediti. Svo. Firenze.

\* Neun Bücher Preussischer Geschichte, von L. Ranke. Vol. I.

† Neue Geschichten aus dem Böhmerwalde, erzählt von Joseph Rank. Leipzig. 1847.



best of them is A. Weill,\* and even he deserves but sparing commendation. Talent he undoubtedly possesses, but his sins against discretion and good taste are deep and manifold. His sketches of local manners are often picturesque and vivid, but he has scarcely a notion of the art of telling a story. All this and more, we maintain, notwithstanding the hearty panegyric bestowed on Weill by Heinrich Heine, who indeed admits that his *protégé* is deficient in art, while he attributes to him an extraordinary quickness and minuteness of apprehension, and rare originality of feeling and thought.

"He seizes life in every momentary phase, he catches it in the fact, and is himself, so to speak, an impassioned daguerreotype, that repeats every outward appearance with more or less success, and often poetically, when chance so wills it. This remarkable talent, or more properly speaking, this nature, is found also in Herr Weill's other writings, particularly in his last historical work on the Peasants' War, and in his very interesting, piquant, and tumultuary essays, wherein he takes part in the most laudably harebrained manner in behalf of the great affairs of our day. Here our author exhibits himself with all his social virtues and aesthetic sins; here we see him in full agitatorial pomp and raggedness; here he is altogether the heart-broken, Europe-weary Son of the Movement, who can no longer endure the annoyances and disgusts of our present social arrangements, and gallops away into the future on the back of an idea."

The last crop of German novels is perhaps not quite so abundant as that of former harvests, but it is sufficient—at least in quantity. The most notable recent works in this department are one by Theodore Mundt and another by his wife. It is all over, we fear, with our friend Ida, Countess von Hahn Hahn, as a fashionable teacher of the beauty and sublimity of unbounded selfishness, insolence, vanity, caprice, and sensuality. She has been extinguished by an extremely clever parody, the work of an anonymous Teuton Titmarsh, which has made a decided hit, and has rapidly reached a second edition.†

No end of poetry! The vocal grove—the *deutsche Dichterhain*—is all alive with warblers in full feather and song. "Young Austria" is particularly addicted to the tuneful art, and has lately hailed, as its poetic leaders, a pair of kindred spirits, Meissner and Mautner, both of them clever promising lads, but very jejune. They are poets, however, and not poetasters, or

mere rhetoricians in rhyme, and therefore we have good hopes of them. They have a right conception of the principles of their art; and "time, that brings the philosophic mind," will teach them how to apply it to good purpose.

Heine has published, in a substantive form, his poem of 'Atta Troll';\* fragments of which appeared six years ago in Laube's '*Eleganten Welt*.' It still retains marks of its original fragmentary character, though the joints have been passably filled up and smoothed over. It was the author's intention, he says, to work out his ideas much more fully, but he never could realize his laudable design; and his poem shared the fate of all the great works of the Germans, such as the Cologne Cathedral, Schelling's God-head, the Prussian Constitution, &c., it was never completed. Immature as it is, he now presents it to the public, with a jesting hint at a sad and too sufficient apology. Poor Heine is stricken with paralysis, beyond all hope of recovery. *Atta Troll* is in all human probability the last poem he will ever produce; and, though full of satirical and burlesque humor, it may also be regarded as the last expiring effort of the romantic muse of Germany.

*Atta Troll*, the hero of the poem, is an accomplished bear, who has danced in many a town of France and Spain, their manners noted, and their works surveyed. His observations have not impressed him with a very exalted notion of humanity. Escaping one day from his keeper, he flies to the mountains; and there rejoining his family, he discourses eloquently to them of all he has seen. The reader may easily imagine how the sly poet comports himself under his bear-skin disguise; and how many a rough hug and sharp pat he bestows right and left, on friend and foe. This is the satirical side of the poem. Then for the romantic part: Heine, in *propria personâ*, sets off to the Pyrenees, as the champion of insulted humanity, to hunt the audacious *Atta Troll* to the death. At the sight of the Pyrenees the wondrous legends of chivalry rush thick upon his mind; and his fancy rides away, fast and far, into the realms of glamor, astride on a witch's broomstick. We will make room for part of the curious preface. It is not only characteristic of the writer, but possesses some interest with reference to literary history.

"'Atta Troll' was produced in the autumn of 1841, at a period when the great heterogeneous mob of foes, banded together against me, had not quite ceased their hurly-burly. It was a huge uproar, and truly I could not have supposed that Germany produces so many rotten apples as were then shot at my head! Our fatherland is

\* *Sittengemälde aus dem elsässischen Volksleben. Novellen von A. Weill. Mit einem Vorwort von Heinrich Heine. Stuttgart. 1847.*

† *Diogena, Roman von Iduna Gräfin H. H. Zweite Auflage. Leipzig. 1847.*

\* *Atta Troll; Ein Sommernachtstraum. Von Heinrich Heine. Hamburg, 1847.*

a highly-favored land; it grows no citrons, indeed, no golden oranges, and the laurel waxes but slowly and stuntedly on German ground; but in the article of rotten apples its exuberance is most satisfactory, as all our great poets have had cause to sing or say. In that same furious *mêlée* in which I was to have lost both crown and head, I lost neither; and the absurd charges, by means of which the vulgar were stirred up against me, have miserably fallen to the ground without its being necessary that I should stoop to refute them. Time undertook the task of my justification, and I must own with gratitude that the respective German governments have done much for me in this respect. The decrees of imprisonment that on every point of the German frontiers longingly await the poet's return, are duly renewed every year at the hallowed yule season, when the little candles shine cheerily in the Christmas-trees. These perils by the way have cured me of all wish to visit Germany; so I celebrate my Christmases in a foreign land, and there too I will end my days in exile. Meanwhile, the brave champions of light and truth, who accused me of fickleness and servility, pass their days securely in the fatherland, as snugly-endowed placemen, or as officials of a guild, or as assiduous frequenters of a club where every evening they regale patriotically on the vintage of father Rhine, and on the sea-girt Schleswig-Holsteinish oysters.

"I have had my reasons for noting above the exact period when 'Atta Troll' was composed. It was the time when what is called political poetry was in full bloom. The opposition, as Ruge says, sold its leather and became poesy. The Muses were formally enjoined no longer to go about dallying and trifling, but to enlist in the service of the fatherland as *vivandières* of freedom, or as washerwomen of Christiano-German nationality. There arose, especially at that period, among the Teuton bards, that vague, fruitless pathos, that useless enthusiasm, that plunged headlong, in scorn of death, into an ocean of common-places, and which always remind me of the American sailor, who was so hyperbolically devoted to General Jackson, that he flung himself from the main top-gallant mast into the sea, crying out, 'I die for General Jackson!' Though we Germans had then no fleet, yet had we many an impassioned sailor who died for General Jackson in verse and prose. Talent was then a very unlucky gift, for it brought on its possessor the suspicion of want of character. Envious dullness had at last, after ages of research, discovered its grand weapon against the insolence of genius; it had invented the antithesis of *talent* and *character*. The mass of the public felt almost personally flattered when they heard it laid down that respectable people are in general very bad musicians, whilst, on the other hand, good musicians are usually any thing but respectable people — the main thing, however, in this world, is respectability, not music. The empty head now prided itself on its full heart, and sentiment was a trump card. The reign of the just was about to begin in literature. I remember a writ-

er of those days whose chief merit in his own eyes was that he did not know how to write; for his leaden style he was rewarded with a silver beaker.

"By the immortal Gods! it behoved at that epoch to defend the imprescriptible rights of mind, the autonomy of art, the sovereign independence of poetry. As this defence has been the great business of my life, I have less than ever lost sight of it in the present poem, which, both in tone and substance, was a protest against the *plebiscita* of the tribunes of the day. And, in fact, the first fragments of it that appeared immediately stirred up the bile of your *men of character*, your high-souled Romans. They accused me of attempting, not only a literary but a social re-action; and even of casting scorn on the sacrosanct principle of human progress. As to the æsthetic value of my poem, I let them then, and I let them now, say of it what they please. I wrote it for my own amusement, in the capricious and fantastic style of that romantic school in which I passed the pleasantest years of my youth, until I ended by thrashing the master thereof. In this respect my poem possibly deserves condemnation. But thou liest, Brutus, thou liest, Cassius, and thou too liest, Asinius, if you assert that I aim my ridicule at those ideas which are a precious and hard-won treasure of mankind, and for which I myself have striven and suffered so much. No, it is just because those ideas stand full before the poet's eyes in all their glorious lustre and grandeur, that he is seized with irresistible laughter, when he marks how clumsily and coarsely they are apprehended by his shallow contemporaries. He makes merriment then as it were at the temporary bearskin that invents those ideas. There are mirrors so awry that Apollo himself would appear in them a caricature. We laugh in that case at the caricature, not at the god."

From France we have received two important works on Russia, one of which we notice at length further on. The other is the production of a native Russian of high rank, who has filled important offices under the state, and was a member of one of the secret societies in the time of Alexander. It is remarkable for the candor and at the same time the dignified moderation of its tone. M. Tourghénief has been for four and twenty years a political exile; but, like Machiavelli when just released from the torture, he writes with the perfect absence of all acrimonious expression. His work is a valuable addition to our still scanty stock of trustworthy authorities on the affairs of Russia. It fails, however, in giving what was most looked for in it — a clear account of the events and transactions preliminary to the insurrection. The author had left Russia twenty months before the explosion of the conspiracy; and the information he gives us on this subject is but meagre. — *Westminster Review*.



## COLLECTANEA.

## MR. TRAIN'S CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE WAVERLY NOVELS.

The name of Mr. Joseph Train is not unknown in Scottish literature, and worthy of a passing notice. Sir Walter Scott found in him one of his most valuable coadjutors, and makes frequent mention, in his works, of the assistance he derived from his indefatigable researches and contributions. Mr. Train belongs originally to the Land of Burns, being a native of Ayrshire — of humble parentage, and indebted chiefly to his own diligence for his education, and his future success in life. He was early intended for some mechanical employment; but the drudgery of manual labor did not accord with his lively imagination and his taste for letters. The ardor of his love for the muses was such, that when a young man of twenty, and quartered, in 1800, with the Ayrshire militia at Inverness, he accumulated a guinea and a half in sixpences, saved from his pay, to purchase a copy of Currie's edition of the works of Burns, published at Liverpool. The peace of Amiens, having closed Mr. Train's services as a militia-man, his patron, the colonel of the regiment, Sir David Hunter Blair, obtained for him an appointment in the excise; and this has continued to be his occupation, since 1810, in various districts of Scotland, Largs, Newtonstewart, Perth, Fife, Kirkintilloch, Queenferry, Falkirk, Wighton, and Castledouglas, where he still resides, as a retired supervisor, cultivating his favorite antiquarian studies, and paying occasional court to the muse. His poetical effusions are numerous, and far above mediocrity. Like his illustrious countryman, Burns, who wrote many of his best lyrics while following the uncongenial profession of a *gauger*, Mr. Train was doomed to regale his poetic fancy from the odorous fumes of whiskey casks, malting vats, and illicit distilleries.

The bent of his genius, however, and the opportunities he enjoyed of an acquaintance with many of the interesting and picturesque localities in Scotland, inclined him to the prosecution of traditional and antiquarian researches; and it was in this capacity that he rendered himself so useful an auxiliary to Sir Walter Scott. Mr. Train was necessarily one of the twenty who was in the secret of the authorship of the "Waverly Novels;" and, in several instances, premature revelations were in danger of coming to light, in consequence of his communications bearing a suspicious resemblance to characters and events described in the fictions of the Great Unknown.

His first introduction to Sir Walter was the result of one of his earliest productions, 'Strains of the Mountain Muse,' published in 1814, consisting chiefly of metrical tales, illustrative of traditions in Galloway and Ayrshire, accompanied with topographical and legendary notes. Sir Walter at once procured a dozen copies and the address of the author, became his patron and friend, encouraged his antiquarian pursuits, and commenced a correspondence with him, which was only terminated by the death of the Mighty Minstrel. Mr. Train's contributions to the Waverly Novels it would be out of our province here to enumerate: they are duly acknowledged by Sir Walter in his prefaces, and afterwards by Lockhart, in the third, fourth, fifth, and seventh volumes of the 'Life.' When composing the 'Lord of the Isles,' the distinguished poet received from his new ally his description of Queensbury Castle, the landing of Bruce from Arran, and the hospital founded by the royal fugitive at Kingscase, near Presterrick.

It was upon this occasion that he transmitted to Sir Walter one of the *magus*, or drinking-horns, provided by Bruce for the use of the lepers. This interesting relic was among the first of the many valuable antiquarian remains afterwards presented to him; the extensive collection of which now forms one of the chief attractions at Abbotsford. A Roman battle-axe, found in the Moss of Cree; a razor of the fifteenth century; the *spleuchan* of the famous freebooter, Rob Roy; a fragment of the oaken bedstead that belonged to the Black Douglas; a curious brass visor, with movable projecting horns, where the eye-holes should have been; an Andrea Ferrara, said to have been worn by the notorious persecutor, the Laird of Lagg; the stock-bow of Sir John the Græme, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk in 1298; a drinking *quaigh*, made from Wallace's tree in the Torwood; the *ladle* of the last resident hangman in Drumfries, with an account of the manner of using it, as described in the 13th volume of the Waverly Novels. These, with a variety of other rare and time-honored curiosities, were furnished by the obliging exciseman during his intimacy with Sir Walter. "And," as Mr. Lockhart says in his Life (chap. x.), "if ever a catalogue of the museum at Abbotsford shall appear, no single contributor, most assuredly, will fill so large a space in it as Mr. Train."

But valuable as his antiquarian pursuits were, the amount and value of his literary services were still greater. To most of the novels he made some contribution or other. When allud-

ing to his first interview with the then Great Unknown, Mr. Lockhart observes, (vol. iii., c. 1 :)

"To this intercourse with Mr. Train, we owe the whole machinery of the 'Tales of my Landlord,' as well as the adoption of Claverhouse's period, for the scene of some of its first pictures."

The very name of *Cleishbotham* was borrowed from the professional *soubriquet* of a Galway school-master. The account of the wandering Astrologer, which formed the groundwork for *Guy Mannering*—the curious history of *Old Mortality*, and the hint to make Viscount Dundee the hero of the tale—the sketch of "Faithless Fanny," the prototype of Madge Wildfire—the traditions on which the dramas of *M'Duff's Cross* and the *Doom of Devorgoil* are founded—the first notice of the motley Morrice Dancers, so graphically portrayed in the *Fair Maid of Perth*—sketches of Skipper Hawkins, the original of Dick Hatterick—of Flora Marshall, the supposed Meg Merrilies—of Andrew Gummell (a native of old Rum-nock, in Ayrshire,) the Edie Ochiltree of the *Antiquary*—of Wandering Willie in *Red Gauntlet*—of the ravages perpetrated by the Earl of Derby in Kirkcudbrightshire, as described in *Peveril of the Peak*—of the story of the Fifeshire Surgeon's Daughter, forming the nucleus of the admired tale bearing that name in the *Chronicles of the Canongate*—all these and sundry other anecdotes of curious manners and customs, family legends, superstitions, &c., embodied in the Waverly series, owe their paternity to the unwearied diligence of the devoted supervisor of excise. The death of Sir Walter in some degree removed the main stimulus that had urged Mr. Train on in his antiquarian and traditional inquiries. But he has not been idle for the last dozen years "in his cottage pleasantly situated on the banks of the Carlingworth Lake, in the neighbourhood of Castle Douglas." A short time ago, he published a 'History of the Isle of Man;' and more recently appeared 'The Buchanites from first to last,' giving a detailed account of the founder and the fanatical extravagances of that miserably-deluded sect.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

#### A CHILD'S QUESTION.

The discussion of the Oregon question had assumed its most serious aspect, when a British ship, the "Earl of Eglinton," was driven ashore on the island of Nantucket, and six of her crew perished in the waves, in presence of hundreds of the islanders, notwithstanding the most des-

perate exertions to save them. Some of the leading merchants of the town were foremost in the efforts to rescue the drowning men from the terrible surge. They vied with the hardy whalers in venturing into the surf, each with a rope fastened round his body, by which he was to be drawn ashore the moment he had got hold of one of the shipwrecked mariners. Several of the English sailors were thus drawn almost senseless upon the beach, where they were caught up in the arms of strong men, and conveyed into the town. Every door was opened, and every fireside ready for their reception; and warm clothes, and warm sympathies, and every comfort that kindness could dictate, were in profuse requisition to make them at home. The details of the disaster were rehearsed, and all the hair's-breadth escapes of those on ship and shore. An eminent merchant, who had perilled his life in the surf in plucking from its fierce eddy a struggling sailor, was relating his adventure at his fireside, with his little daughter on his knee, when the little thing, looking into the father's face, with its earnest eyes full of tears, asked, in all the simplicity of a child's heart, "Why did the people work so hard to save the British sailors, if they want to go to war and kill them?" It was a word fitly spoken; and it passed around from house to house, and from heart to heart, and many were made thoughtful by the child's question.—*Elihu Burritt*.

#### THE POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

A mechanic in London, who rented a room very near the Orphan Working School, was unhappily a determined infidel—a disciple of the notorious Carlile, and one who could confound many a thoughtless Christian with his sophistries on religion. This man said to an individual the other day, "I did this morning what I have not done for a long time before—I wept." "Wept," said his friend, "what occasioned you to weep?" "Why," replied the infidel mechanic, "I wept on seeing the children of the Orphan Working School pass; and it occurred to me, that if religion had done nothing more for mankind, it had at least provided for the introduction of these ninety-four orphans into respectable and honorable situations in life."

**TURKISH PROVERBS.**—A foolish friend is more troublesome than a wise enemy. Even if your enemy is as small as a fly, fancy him as large as an elephant. The man who weeps for every one will soon become blind. He who rides only borrowed horses, will seldom mount



into the saddle. Do not trust every one that wears a white turban; the soap with which it is washed has often been obtained on credit. Death is a black camel, which kneels down at every one's door.

#### NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

A Number of the *Morning Post* without any abuse of "that traitor PEEL."

A book of CARLYLE'S in which the Capitals do not amount to One Million, "with power to add to their number."

A volume of *Chambers's Journal* without the description of a tea-party given by the proprietors to their poor workmen, made lively with a tremendous blowing of their own trumpets.

A Number of the *Illustrated News* without a murder, or a fire, or a triumphal arch, or a public dinner in it.

A work of MR. CHARLES KNIGHT, in which you had not some recollection of having seen the woodcuts five or six times before.

A Number of *Punch* which does not contain a portrait of that very agreeable gentleman with the bald head (you can admire him on the advertising sheet); or a Number of the *Athenæum* without the word "æsthetical" being mentioned less than twice in each article. — *Punch*.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Hallam, we are happy to hear, has nearly ready for press, a supplemental volume of illustrations to his 'History of Europe during the Middle Ages.' Dr. Bliss is busy with a new edition of Wood's 'Athenæ Oxoniensis,' — and Lord Braybrooke with an annotated edition of 'Pepys's Diary.' The last edition of the 'Athenæ' contains ample evidence of what we may expect from the known industry and research of the Registrar of the University of Oxford; but we trust the editions of Pepys already published are not to be looked upon as samples of Lord Braybrooke's diligence or of his knowledge of the ten years of English history over which the Diary extends. Old Anthony à Wood requires more additions than corrections; and Pepys to be thoroughly understood, stands in need of numerous notes — such illustrations, indeed, as extraordinary diligence alone can supply. — *Athenæum*.

We see it stated in the *Weser Zeitung*, that the British Museum has purchased the reversion, after the death of the present proprietor, M. Michel, of Hamburg, of a rich collection of Hebrew books, amounting to 5,000 printed volumes and 800 manuscripts.

The *Revue Scientifique et Industrielle* states, that Prof. Schönbein has, to a certain extent, discovered that long desideratum, malleable glass. The Professor renders papier mâché perfectly transparent by causing it to undergo a certain metamorphosis which he calls catalytic; and makes of it window-panes, vases, bottles, &c., impermeable to water, and which may be dropped on the ground without breaking.

The Paris papers announce the death of the well-known and popular *feuilletonist*, Frederic Soulié; one of the most brilliant and profligate examples of a brilliant and profligate school — which, if it be a true expression of French society, must, also, have done something to contribute the tone. The popularity of a literature like that to which the writings of Frederic Soulié belong, must be at once effect and cause of a deep social demoralization. Though it is pleasant and touching to see the affection with which the public in France attends the man of genius to his grave — making itself of the family of him who has contributed to its intellectual entertainment, — the death of writers like Soulié cannot be looked on by any thoughtful man as a loss to the nation. Victor Hugo spoke over his grave in a different sense: — but he who shall have to write hereafter this chapter in the history of France, will cancel more than one contemporary eulogy that has been, or will yet be, poured there over the final resting-place of dead genius.

What may not be had for money? The following advertisement appears in the last number of the London *Athenæum*.

*Literary Reputation. — Confidential Assistance.* — A Reviewer and Classical Scholar of considerable experience, whose acknowledged productions in various departments of literature have elicited from 'The Athenæum,' 'The Times,' Quarterlies, and other periodicals, testimonials, which will furnish incontestible evidence of his high standing and competence to the task, engages to enhance or to *Create the Fame* of diffident aspirants in any branch of the Belles Lettres. Poems, Tales, Essays, Lectures, Prefaces, Leaders, Sermons, of any length, composed. Composition taught by correspondence. Works prepared for the press. Manuscripts critically corrected. Inviolable secrecy. By post, X. Y. Z., Mr. Phelp, Boot-maker, 3, Haymarket.

From Berlin, it is stated that the Prussian Government has consulted each of the Universities of that kingdom as to the propriety of admitting Hebrew professors to university chairs: and that of Berlin has already returned an affirmative answer.

## SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE PLEASANT ART OF MONEY-CATCHING.  
Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

This is a reprint of a little book of about 140 years since; and, in accordance with the taste of that time, is as full of maxims as an egg is full of meat. Still, it is a certain sort of lip-wisdom, applicable to all times and states of society in which the world is moved by money,—the lever which Archimedes only wanted to fulfil his mechanical boast. The book is, indeed, a bundle of truisms and oddities. Thus, from the opening chapter, we learn that Cain was the first miser, and the Lydians first coined money; though Abraham paid twenty-five pounds of our English money for a burial-place for himself and family. The misery of wanting money and the unhappiness of being compelled to borrow it, are next shown, with a poetical postscript on Duns, by Randolph. In one of the pages, we find the germ of a modernized story: "a man in the night-time, having his coat caught by a nail, and so stopped, he presently cried out, 'At whose suit?' as supposing it had been a sergeant that had arrested him." The Causes of Men's Wanting Money is the staple of the next chapter: "I remember," says the author, "in Queen Elizabeth's time, a wealthy citizen of London left his son a mighty estate in money; who, imagining he should never be able to spend it, would usually make ducks and drakes in the Thames with shillings, as boys are wont with tile-sheards and oyster-shells, and in the end grew to that extreme want, that he was fain to beg, or borrow sixpence, having many times no more shoes than feet; and sometimes 'more feet than shoes,' as the beggar said in the comedy." From another chapter we gather that at Greenwich, in King James's time, my Lord Northampton's gentlemen were charged eight shillings for an ordinary capon, seven or eight shillings for a pair of soles, and four shillings for a dozen of larks. Curius (that noble Roman), by the way, was an odd fellow: when the ambassadors of the Samnites (whom he had conquered) brought him a vast sum of gold, they found him sitting by the fire, and boiling turnips for his dinner, with an earthen dish in his lap, at which time he gave them this answer:—"I had rather eat in this dish, and command over them that have gold, than be rich myself." The author repels the scandal that the English are the greatest trenchermen of the world, though he confesses that we have had some remarkable eaters amongst us; "as Wolmer of Windsor, and one Wood, of Kent, who eat up at one dinner, fourteen green geese, equal to old ones in bigness, with gooseberry

sauce, according as has been affirmed to the Lord Richard Earl of Dorset, at a dinner-time at his house at Knowle, in Kent, by one of his gentlemen, who was an eye-witness to the same." There is a quip of experience in the next extract which savors of our day—and an excellent piece of logic it is:—"If a man goes into a public-house and calls for a full pot of beer, it is three to one but that by frothing it up, he shall want above a quarter of a pint of his measure; and if a man takes notice of it, and insists upon it being filled up, it is looked upon as ungenteel, and a piece of rudeness; and yet if a man wants but a farthing or a halfpenny of his reckoning, they will not suffer him to stir out of the house till he has paid for it, or left a pawn for it."

This is a piece of world-knowledge as applicable to our time as to 1710. "How to pay Debts without Money" is a disappointing chapter; indeed, there is a superabundance of *badi-nage* and witty conceit throughout the book. Here is one of the ways of turning a penny:—"Though the Master of the Rolls be an honorable as well as profitable place, yet for a penny you may take two of the best rolls you can find in the baker's basket."

To be more practical, there are given Dr. Tryon's eighty methods of preparing dishes, upon most of which a man may live for two pence a day; a feat outdone by Lord Bacon's epicure, who lived by smelling a wisp of onions! To conclude, "The Art of Money-Catching," is both a pleasant and profitable little book, as we have shown, "full of wise saws and modern instances," and by no means to be despised in these economic times.

THE BOTTLE. In Eight Plates, by George Cruikshank. Published for the Artist, by D. Bogue, London; Wiley and Putnam, New York; and J. Sands, Sydney, New South Wales. 1847.

Though exhibiting less of George Cruikshank's peculiar style than most of his productions, yet do these etchings tell the tale they are intended to illustrate, in such a way, as, perhaps, no other modern artist could have made them tell it. And a sad tale it is; being no other than the downward course of a once respectable and happy family through all the gradations of want, vagrancy, and misery, to murder and confirmed idiotcy. In the first place, representing a scene of comfort, we see the fatal bottle introduced for the first time, and the reluctant wife induced by the husband "just to take a drop." The second plate describes one of the earliest consequences of intemperance; the husband is discharged from his employment, and the empty cupboard shows that the eldest girl is



not now for the first time despatched to the pawnbroker's to raise funds for the supply of the bottle. An execution next sweeps off the greater portion of the furniture—a miserable comfort is still drawn from the bottle. Begging in the streets is now resorted to by the wretched family; but the proceeds are devoted to the gin-shop, as the bottle must be filled. In the fifth plate, "cold, misery, and want," are supposed to have had their effect upon the youngest child,—in the earlier scenes a chubby-faced, curly-headed little creature; next, unable to walk, but borne in its ragged mother's arms to the gin-shop; and now, released from misery, lying in its little coffin, with the eldest girl taking a last look and weeping over it, the father and mother meanwhile consoling themselves with the bottle; the frequent use of this produces fearful quarrels, one scene of brutality on the part of the husband being represented in the sixth plate. From this there is but a step to the catastrophe—"the husband, in a state of furious drunkenness, kills his wife" with the bottle—"the instrument of all their misery;" and we next see him, a confirmed maniac, cowering over the fire in a lunatic asylum, unconscious of the presence of his daughter and son, who have come to visit him, in themselves also exhibiting the natural consequences of an addiction to the bottle, being brought by it, the one to the streets, and the other to the companionship of thieves. In the plates there are many bits of *by-play*, as expressive as Hogarth's cobweb over the opening of the poor-box. Such are the kitten playing with the cat's tail on the hearth-rug before the fire, in the first plate (a droll cat and kitten, *by-the-by*,) expressive of comfort; the same cat, gaunt and hungry, essaying the empty plate in the second, where no fire enlivens the grate, and the poor boy's toes are peeping through his shoes. Then, again, the broken horse of the deceased little one set upon the mantel-piece, (now bare of its former ornaments,) in the fifth plate; and the broken bottle, which has just done its work, in the seventh. All honor to George Cruikshank for these powerful auxiliaries in the cause of temperance; powerful, because they speak in such language as cannot be misunderstood.

**TALK ON THINGS WHICH EVERYBODY SHOULD UNDERSTAND.** By George R. Skene.

Very simple, but very sensible talk on subjects connected with the comforts and prosperity of working men—property, building and benefit societies, savings, and so forth—and well worth their careful listening to. The style is

intentionally pitched in a low key. This is a mere affectation:—the English artisan, as a rule, does not need to be so written down to. The writer, however, converses in a friendly spirit; and has that to say which should ensure the attention of his reader.

**THE ANGLER'S COMPANION TO THE RIVERS AND LOCHS OF SCOTLAND.** By T. T. Stoddard—and **THE HANDBOOK OF ANGLING.** By Ephemera.

These are two treatises devoted to the subject of angling. The first is, as might have been expected from the author, a work likely to become of considerable authority with the members of the gentle craft. It commences with the praise of the Tweed for its constant store of river trout, and its occasional supply of salmon,—and with a description of the sport that may be enjoyed in its waters near Kelso. A chapter is devoted to that famous stream and its tributaries. Honor is then rendered to the Forth and to the Tay; and other rivers receive their share of celebration—among which, of course, the Clyde is not forgotten. Pleasant it is to wander by loch and stream with such a guide and companion as Mr. Stoddard. The fisher will here find ample directions concerning his tackle, his fly-dressing—and whatever else it befits him to know for the successful exercise of his profession. Much sensible instruction regarding piscatorial matters may be gathered from the pages of "Ephemera;" and though his work wants the attraction of that of our Scottish friend, its utility is apparent.

## RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

### ENGLAND.

Andersen's (Hans C.) *Tales from Denmark*, by C. Bonar, 6s.

Andersen's *The Nightingale, and other Tales*, square, 3s. 6d.

Andersen's *Danish Story Book*, square, 3s. 6d.

Brandon's (R. & J. A.) *Analysis of Gothic Architecture*, 4to., 5l. 5s.

De Porquet's *English and Foreign Ready Reckoner*, 3d ed., 2s. 6d.

Fichte's (J. G.) *Characteristics of the Present Age*, 7s.

Giles's (Rev. J. A.) *History of the Ancient Britons*, 2 vols., 30s.

Herschel's (Sir J. W.) *Results of Astronomical Observations*, 4l. 4s.

Jebb's (Rev. J.) *Choral Responses and Litanies, &c.*, folio, 30s.

Mary and Her Mother, *Sequel to Scripture Stories*, 3s. cl.

Morrison's (J.) Christianity in its Power, 2s. 6d.  
 Peter Parley's Annual for 1848, engravings,  
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Recreation (The) for 1848, plates, 5s.

Rowland Bradshaw, with 28 illustrations on steel, 15s.

Weisbach's Mechanics of Machinery, &c., Vol. I. 8vo., 21s.

## FRANCE.

Elements de pathologie chirurgicale, par A. Nélaton. Paris. \$1.60.

Odes d'Anacréon et de Sappho. Traduction nouvelle, en vers français, par Marcellot et Grosset. Paris. 70c.

L'architecture de Vitruve, par C. L. Maufas. Paris. \$1.40.

Anecdotes musulmanes. Texte arabe; suivi d'un dictionnaire: par A. Cherbonneau. Paris.

Etude démonstrative de la langue phénicienne et de la langue libyque, par A. C. Judas. Paris. \$8.

Histoire de la Litterature Hindoui et Hindoustani, par M. Garcin de Tassy. Paris.

Conseils de philosophie pratique, par le prince Alex. V. Paris.

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Hydrotherapie, oder Anwendung des kalten Wassers zur Heilung der vorzügl. Krankheiten, von Dr. H. Schnaubert. 50c.

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